VOL. CCXI, No. 2754

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THE SPHERE, NOVEMBER 22, 1952
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The SPHERE

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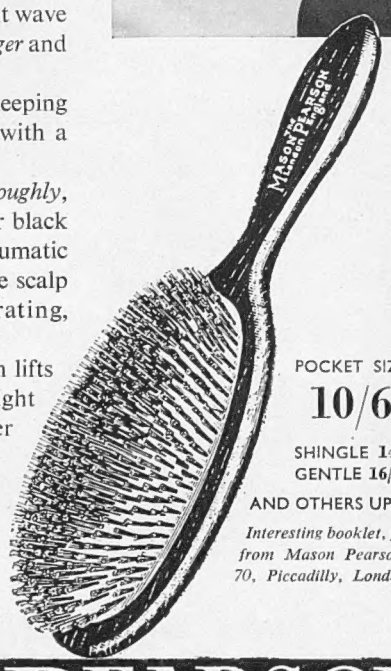

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silk lining.
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Also in Navy.
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Volume CCXI No. 2754 The SPHERE, London, November 22, 1952

The SPHERE

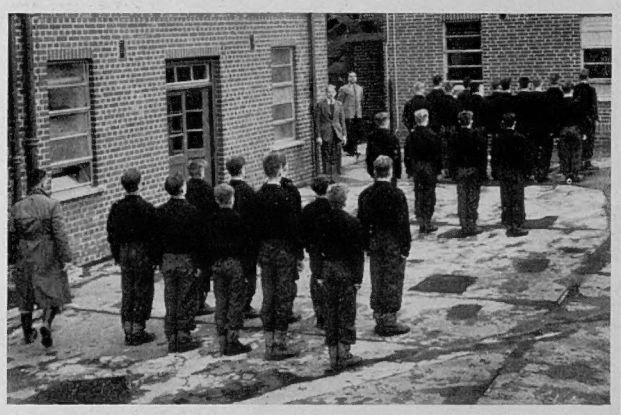
with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL'S FOURTH BIRTHDAY—PRINCE CHARLES WAVING TO THE CROWDS AS HE LEFT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE AFTER PAYING A VISIT TO HIS GREAT-GRANDMOTHER, QUEEN MARY : The Prince spent the greater part of the day with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, who, like Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, had left the day free from public engagements.

The National Anthem was played immediately before the B.B.C.'s seven o'clock and eight o'clock news bulletins on Friday, November 14, when Prince Charles, Duke of Cornwall, celebrated his fourth birthday. From public buildings flags flew in his honour and the band of the Scots Guards, in the forecourt of Buckingham Palace, played "Happy Birthday" and later an arrangement of "Oranges and Lemons," a great favourite with the Prince. Shortly before eleven o'clock Prince Charles appeared at a second-floor window and waved to a large crowd which had gathered outside the Palace. During the afternoon, in company with Princess Anne, Prince Charles visited Queen Mary at Marlborough House, and he later returned to Buckingham Palace for a birthday tea in the Queen Mother's apartments.

Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada, 1½d. : Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

KIDLINGTON: AN ALTERNATIVE TO GAOL



A MORNING PARADE AT A NEW TYPE OF JUVENILE DETENTION CENTRE NEAR OXFORD: This detention centre at Campfield House, Kidlington, was opened by the Home Office in August of this year. The centre's purpose is to provide an alternative to imprisonment for the young offenders who do not need the prolonged training of the approved school or Borstal, but who have not or are not likely to respond to probation.

THE YOUNG OFFENDERS OF CAMPFIELD HOUSE AT MORNING P.T.: Physical training is a regular part of the routine. There is no gaiety in this training, but every ounce of benefit is squeezed from it.

A CORNER OF A CLASSROOM AT THE KIDLINGTON DETENTION CENTRE: All boys under fifteen years of age attend school, and there are compulsory evening classes for all ages.

The detention centre at Kidlington, near Oxford, which was opened in August of this year, appears to have made an effective start. Recently the first nine boys to have completed the ten-weeks course left the centre and they were unanimous in saying "Never again." The warden, Mr. F. V. Elvy, who has fourteen years' experience as a Borstal Institution officer, aims to teach the young offenders obedience, good manners, high standards of personal cleanliness and self-discipline. Throughout the school there is an atmosphere of rigorous discipline that is not relaxed for one moment. The day starts at 6.15 a.m. with P.T., which is based on the Army Manual. The young offenders are not allowed to receive parcels from home, but may write one letter a week, and they may be visited by their parents once every four weeks. Punishment for such things as insolence, stealing and absconding (a very rare event) is severe, but entails no corporal punishment or cuts in the food rations. It is too early yet to say that the school is an unqualified success, but there is every hope that it will provide at least one answer to the present-day thug and "cosh" menace.

"WITH BEST WISHES"

IT is by no means too early to think of Christmas presents—especially for friends overseas. Those in search of a present likely to be appreciated will find that a year's subscription to THE SPHERE provides an ideal gift.

Each week as the new copy arrives, the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought and good wishes of his or her friend at home in Britain. Orders for subscriptions for THE SPHERE to be sent overseas can be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall, or sent direct to The Subscription Department, THE SPHERE, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent, and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s. Elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (to include the Christmas Number).

In 1953—Coronation Year—all postal subscribers will receive the two Coronation Double Numbers at no extra cost.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Africa.—The continent of Africa occupies a great part of the world's face, and that part to-day frowns grimly. Beside it the other most troubled areas where nationalism and racial bitterness are most in evidence appear as pin-points on the map. Basically, these troubles stem from the same sources; half a dose of Western civilisation is a heady draught which ferments, rather than allays, fever. Because that great continent has been so mighty a field for British initiative in colonisation and development, its present ferments and all similar ferments seem to some to call in question the whole of that centuries-old policy, which made us great and created the Commonwealth; a policy which half the world, including some of our own people, now brand as "Imperialism," and regard as a form of greedy pilfering on a vast scale. We know well enough in domestic politics that government is easier and, on its face at least, more effective when a strong and educated oligarchy governs an illiterate nation. Such a state of affairs is a denial of democracy, and essentially the British have been democratic for centuries, for ever combating tyranny, monopoly and privilege. The good in our "Imperialism" is seen in the advanced stages. It has created and united a vast league of British nations, equal in education, in status, in obedience to law and order and the rules of conduct which govern civilised communities. It is in the early stages, where the white races are still in a vast minority, that the fearful dangers of the process are observed. The pioneers and the missionaries venture in; commerce and industry and science follow their trails, and the first steps in education introduce ambitions and aspirations which cannot be digested by minds not yet trained to reason or to comprehend constitutional evolution. Science brings in the blessings of sanitation and the latest means to combat disease and to prolong life, and these blessings within two generations produce new problems, hitherto unknown grievances and a growing sense of injustice.

The Dangerous Stage.—There are more mouths to feed, more families to house and find employment for, with the not-unnatural demand for land (their native land) and for participation in the government and management of their own country by the majority. And for ever through the blessings of science this clamant majority outstrips the proportions of the white settlers, while the blessings of education give easier expression to discontent and provide new aspirations and grievances to the fomenters of trouble. Has our Imperialist policy then proved over the centuries a crime, a snare, a delusion, a vast folly? The British Commonwealth negatives such a charge with convincing proof. There is nothing new in the growing pains, the dangerous stage has often been faced and overcome. The accident of World Wars and consequent revolutions have vastly increased the fever and enlarged its field, but in essence the causes are the same and the same methods must be used to surmount them. Discipline and order must be conditions precedent to liberal reforms, self-government must follow, not precede, education in citizenship. Appeasement at the pistol-point, which of late our new democracy has here and there applied with fatal results, is as futile as a cure as it is insane as a policy. The dangerous stage must be overcome with strength no less than with sympathy. Majority and minority alike have their unworthy members. There are faults on both sides, injustice and selfishness. No fair-minded, thoughtful Englishman can doubt that, when the final stage is reached with infinite pain and trouble, the achievement is a crown of civilised initiative.

The Political Scene.—Students of politics are often apt to do what they condemn in politicians—that is, make confident assertions and prophecies. Just now some of these students confidently observe a marked change in the political scene. The Tory barometer is steadily rising because the jeremiads of Socialists have proved wrong; no "war within a year," no great industrial troubles, considerable improvement in our economic situation, and houses going up towards promised target. Indeed, Socialist students of politics fear that shrewd Mr. Butler's *sursum corda* may be taken seriously. For the common sense of the voter is also improving. His judgment grows more sober and serious; he begins to assess results and not to be swayed by promises or jeremiads. Wild promises and jeremiads, the students declare, are the most dangerous boomerangs which politicians can throw about. A small programme of practical legislation—first things first—is the only safe course for the Government each session, and *this* time the Government has learned wisdom. So say the students and (we hope) not *too* confidently. Mr. Bevan is a fascinating theme for their speculations. While still admitting that politics are unpredictable (by you and me at least), their assessments of Mr. Bevan's tactics do not suggest that he also is unpredictable. Why did he challenge Mr. Morrison, the deputy, and not Mr. Attlee, the leader? Because Mr. Attlee will *go* in any case soon enough and Mr. Morrison is the real "power behind the throne." Time is on Mr. Bevan's side. He lives to fight again, and if Mr. Attlee wants Mr. Morrison to succeed him, now is the time for him to go before Mr. Bevan grows stronger. In his match with Morrison, he scored an unexpected number of points—unidentified in the ringside. In short, the struggle for power within the Labour Party intensifies, not slackens. The students are very confident and very lucid. But (politics and politicians being unpredictable) are they right? For my part I shall "wait and see."

Stands Liberalism . . . ?—"Wait and see" suggests Mr. Asquith and Liberalism—the third party, once mighty and now shrunk to a little measure. Lord Samuel's semi-centenary in politics naturally reminded us all of that party's existence in the wilderness. It was natural, fit and even attractive once more to dream of the old party's come-back, a long overdue revival of British Liberalism; once the hope of an enslaved and disillusioned world. I know no subject on which students of politics talk so confidently and so wildly as on that of Liberalism. Mr. Clement Davies said last week that "in Liberalism there is neither right nor left. You are either a Liberal or you are not." Confident, grand, but is it borne out by the facts of political history? What of the Whigs of the first half of the nineteenth century with their "mountains" and their rival molehills? Or of the Liberals of the early years of the twentieth, some of them, with Asquith, Grey and Churchill, embracing Liberal Imperialism, some hand-in-glove with the I.L.P., among them Campbell Bannerman? What of the Asquith-Lloyd George vendetta? And what of to-day with revolting ladies and others out of step with the squad corporal? True, the party's sorry pass to-day may be in part traced to the division of 1900-18, but the students can't have it both ways. If the electorate grows daily more realistic and wants brass tacks in lieu of vague ideals and promises, then it wants from Liberalism, before it embraces her again, a bag of simple and useful brass-tacks and gadgets and not a mouthful of vague ideals and fulminations against the folly and blindness of the other parties. It wants to see both the right men and the right measures combined (and in unity) in the old party before it follows her to the world's end.

"Our Relations with Foreign Powers."—At the season when the Nation commemorates its dead soldiers slain on many battlefields all over the world, it is not unfitting to consider, rather more fully than outlined in the Queen's Speech, our relations with Foreign Powers. When those relations are good, the loss of our most valuable young lives is retrenched. It is rather sad to reflect that in these times of "Peace," our relations are strained with

A DEEP CURTSEY TO GREET THE QUEEN

THE QUEEN ARRIVES AT CLARIDGE'S FOR THE PRIVATE VIEW OF DRESS MODELS BY MEMBERS OF THE INCORPORATED SOCIETY OF LONDON FASHION DESIGNERS: As Her Majesty stepped on to the pavement, Lady Kenneth Clark, president of the Society, made a deep curtsey. The Queen cannot be seen in the picture as she is standing in front of the commissionaire. Princess Margaret is seen just about to leave the car.

more foreign Powers than during the late war, and with some almost as bitterly and completely. Mr. Eden reported progress in the House last week. *Russia:* No change for the better. Still the same uncompromising refusal to co-operate in settlements in Germany and Austria or to join in a Four-Power Conference on an agreed agenda. *Persia:* A change for the worse, if possible. *Egypt:* Better news. The Egyptian Government, while still adamant as to the total withdrawal of British troops, accepts liability for compensation for British casualties and property in the Cairo riots and shows hopeful signs of co-operating with the British Government in securing self-government and self-determination for the Sudan. *Turkey:* Excellent relations confirmed by recent exchanges. *Germany:* Our relations with Chancellor Adenauer are unchanged by the speeches of Ramcke. We and the French also have our Ramckes, whose heady words throw spanners into the works. Perhaps they also can be dismissed as gasbags, even though they hold high office or speak in Parliament. *U.S.A.:* Perhaps most important of all. Of late our relations have not been as ideal as we could wish. American statesmen have for some time put "first things first" in their elections, and until 1953 an awkward vacuum must exist. But their new President is a man who has worked in closest harmony with our leaders and many leaders in Europe, is known and greatly respected for his quality, and we may hope confidently that next year our co-operation with U.S.A. will be closer and even more cordial. And even in 1952, if the age of miracles is not past, his visit to Korea may affect our relations with one more foreign Power, Soviet China. But that is mere wishful thinking.

Below Stairs.—A recent further disclosure of census figures has revealed the extent to which resident domestic service in private houses has declined. In 1909 it was estimated that, of a working population of about 19,000,000, 2,000,000 were in commerce and 2,000,000 in domestic service. In 1932 there were just over 700,000 resident domestic servants in private houses. To-day the number has fallen to under 180,000. Most of the causes of this extraordinary decline are well understood. The great houses, with few exceptions, are empty. One or two still seem to exist on almost Edwardian lines, evoking surprise when one reads of them. Wages have gone up enormously, and upper- and middle-class purses are far emptier. The middle-class household which in 1906 employed four to six maids is to-day a rarity with a single resident. Above all is the growing dislike of girls to sacrifice the advantages of regular hours for work and for recreation secured by living in their own homes. I regard as minor causes the "loss of status" which after the First World War came to be attached to the term "domestic servant," and evoked ingenious pseudonyms such as "lady helps" and "domestic science experts"; as also the rigid discipline exacted by mistresses. For the new labels never caught on and the "discipline" was quickly relaxed when the supply dried up. The calling was always honourable, the faithful servant, nanny, butler or cook, usually in old days became a friend, an invaluable counsellor, and often enough a benevolent tyrant or dictator. To-day a good plain cook (in 1909 asking £60 a year and instantly replaceable) would cost her employer about £350 per annum and all in, and is very far from replaceable.

"From Ten to One."—The change in less than half-a-century—200,000 against 2,000,000—very clearly reveals the strain thrown on the upper- and middle-class housewife. The job is a "round-the-clock" job and always will be. If she has no resident maid, she must rely on "daily" (very short daily) help. She needs it most at week-ends when she cannot get it. Whatever help she may command (and it is "from ten to one" in more than one sense), hers must be the imagination and ideas for making scrag-ends palatable and creating something out of nothing; for the experience and training of the kitchen-maid under a good cook, and the pride in her work they brought her, are no longer in the make-up of that rarity, a cook ready to live in. And the same goes for house-parlourmaids. The inevitable results are week-end meals and any entertaining taken and done in hotels and restaurants, while meals in the home are prepared from tins and cartons (of admirable ingenuity and attraction but increasing the household costs). In America the shortage is of old standing and has long since been combated by electric devices and ingenious substitutes and by cars for all purses. Here in England, still in many country districts, life is as primitive as in the first years of this century, and all the household arrangements are still as devised for a plenteous staff of resident servants. I wonder what proportion of resident maids in English homes to-day were born British citizens. I doubt if it is 50 per cent.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE THREAT TO THE NEEDLES

Written and Illustrated by
VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

PRINCE CHARLES, DUKE OF CORNWALL, REACHES HIS FOURTH BIRTHDAY

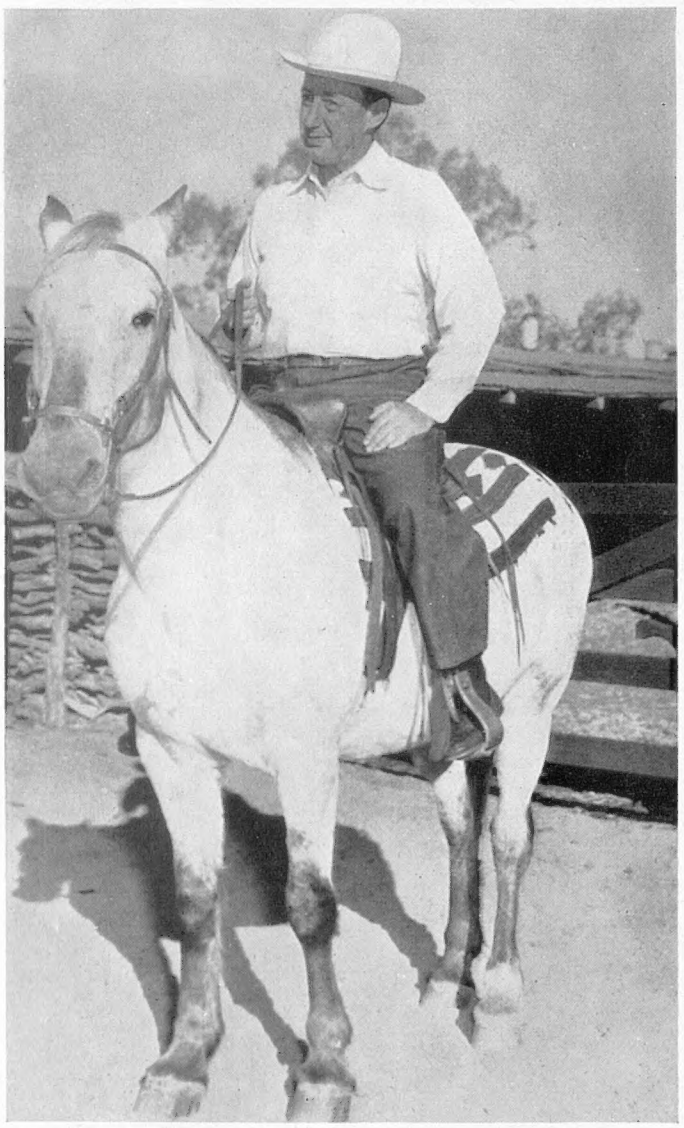
THE QUEEN WITH HER SON AND HEIR, PRINCE CHARLES, DUKE OF CORNWALL, AND HER DAUGHTER, PRINCESS ANNE: On Friday, November 14, Prince Charles celebrated his fourth birthday, and for the first time flags flew from Government buildings in his honour. For the first time, too, his father was home for his birthday, and for the first time Prince Charles was allowed to go to bed at seven instead of six. Twenty-nine guests were invited to tea with Prince Charles, the party taking place in the Buckingham Palace apartments of the Queen Mother. Prince Charles had another birthday party last Saturday, this being a strictly family affair.

THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET AMONG THE MODELS: Making their tour of inspection at Claridge's, where the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers held its display. Each member of the Society showed six models. These included models by Norman Hartnell, Charles Creed and Michael of Lachasse. After the display the Royal visitors took tea with the designers. Both the Queen and Princess Margaret wore velvet coats.

A CRISIS AT THE UNITED NATIONS

General Eisenhower and Mr. Adlai Stevenson in Post-Election Days

MR. TRYGVE LIE, UNITED NATIONS SECRETARY-GENERAL, WITH ABRAHAM H. FELLER (LEFT), GENERAL COUNSEL TO THE UNITED NATIONS, WHO COMMITTED SUICIDE LAST WEEK : Only a few days after Mr. Lie had announced his resignation as Secretary-General to a surprised United Nations Assembly, Abraham Feller plunged to his death from his twelfth-storey flat in New York. Mr. Lie declared that his colleague's suicide resulted from overwork in defending members of the Secretariat "against indiscriminate smears and exaggerated charges." He added that he had made Mr. Feller his representative in the twin investigations by the McCarran Senate Internal Security sub-committee and a Federal grand jury into "subversive affiliations" by United States employees of the United Nations. Mr. Lie's decision to resign "in the interest of agreement among the five Great Powers," has placed the United Nations in a serious predicament, for it will be difficult to find a successor who would be acceptable both to the Western world and to the Soviet bloc.



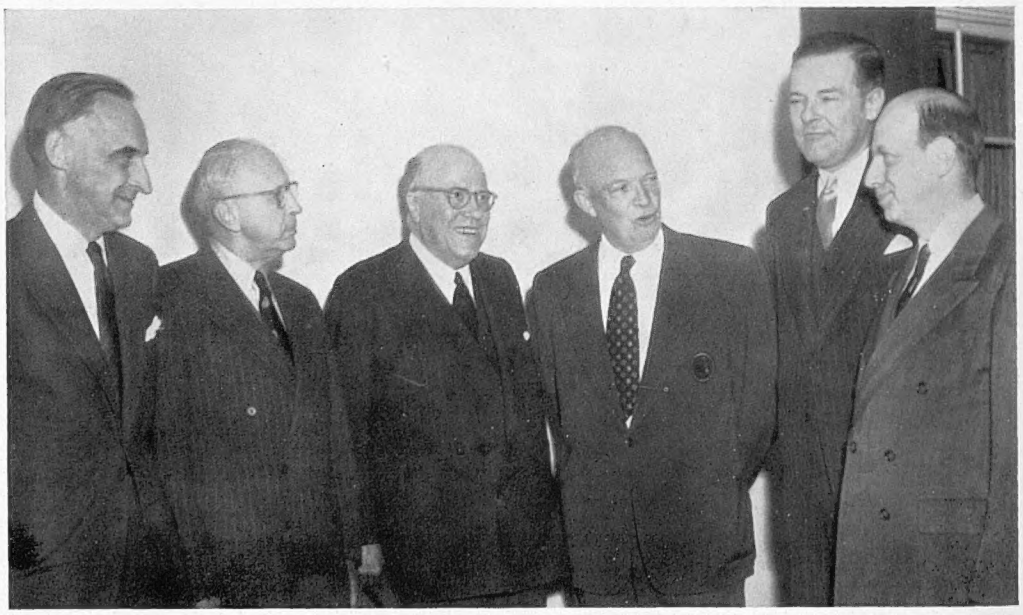
GOVERNOR STEVENSON RELAXES AFTER AN ARDUOUS CAMPAIGN OF FOURTEEN WEEKS : The Governor, who was defeated by General Eisenhower in the battle for the Presidency, about to set out for a ride across the ranges of the La Osa Ranch, on the Mexican border, sixty miles from Tucson, where he has been staying with a friend since the close of his campaign. Although Eisenhower received the largest amount of votes ever cast for a Presidential candidate, Stevenson polled about 26,000,000, which was very near the previous record, and there is no doubt that he has won himself a lasting place of affection and admiration among many Americans. Very soon Stevenson's term of office as Governor of Illinois comes to an end, but his political future seems secure. Already President Truman has made it clear beyond all shadow of doubt that Stevenson is the leader of the Democratic Party.

THE EMPTY CHAIR OF THE UNITED NATIONS SECRETARY-GENERAL : Mr. Lester Pearson, President of the Assembly, opening the meeting when the selection of a new Secretary-General to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Trygve Lie's resignation was placed on the agenda.

On left—

ANDREI GROMYKO (CENTRE) AS DEPUTY PRESIDENT OF THE ASSEMBLY : Mr. Trygve Lie, U. N. Secretary - General is on the left and his Executive Assistant, Mr. Andrew Cordier, on the right. The Assembly accepted the recommendation that the selection of a successor to Mr. Lie be added to the agenda.

THE LAWYERS MR. TRYGVE LIE APPOINTED TO ADVISE HIM ON THE PROBLEM OF ALLEGED AMERICAN COMMUNISM IN THE UNITED NATIONS SECRETARIAT : From left to right are Byron Price, Assistant Secretary-General ; William Dewitt Mitchell, United States Solicitor-General under President Coolidge ; Mr. Lie ; Sir Edwin Herbert, of Great Britain ; and Professor Paul Veldekens, of Belgium. The suicide of Abraham Feller, the United Nations General Counsel, has been related to his defence of a number of Secretariat members against charges of Communism.



THE PRESIDENT-ELECT CONFERS WITH HIS POSSIBLE MINISTERS-TO-BE : General Eisenhower with Republican colleagues at his holiday home near Augusta, Georgia. On the left of the picture are General Clay, former Governor-General in Germany ; Mr. Joseph Dodge, who during the political hiatus is acting as Republican liaison officer to the Bureau of the Budget ; and Senator Millikin, of Colorado. Standing on the right are Senator Cabot Lodge, who will carry out all other liaisons outside financial affairs, and Mr. Brownell, former Republican National chairman.

SOLEMN MOMENT IN THE RITUAL OF INVESTING THE JAPANESE CROWN PRINCE : While Emperor Hirohito and the Empress Nagako stand in their ceremonial robes beneath the rich canopy, facing 320 Japanese and foreign dignitaries in the ceremonial hall in the Tokyo Palace grounds, their son, the Crown Prince Akihito, leaves the seat of childhood and is seen (in background, on right) walking forward to the chair which has been placed for him beneath the Royal dais. It was the first time in twenty-six centuries of Japanese history that the investiture of a Crown Prince had been witnessed by anyone apart from the Imperial family and senior Court and Government officials. The fifteen-minute ceremony, said to have been instituted in the reign of the Emperor Jimmu Tenno in 660 B.C., opened with Akihito's appearance before his father in the traditional robes and coronet of a boy. The Emperor removed the boy's coronet and replaced it with a man's. Akihito retired to change into a man's robe, then returned to receive from his father the sword traditionally carried by the Crown Prince as a "Protector." These imperial ceremonies were held a few hours after the official announcement that Crown Prince Akihito would represent the Emperor at the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. There were celebrations to mark the occasion of the investiture throughout Japan, and there was great rejoicing in the streets of Tokyo.

AKIHITO IS INVESTED AS JAPAN'S CROWN PRINCE

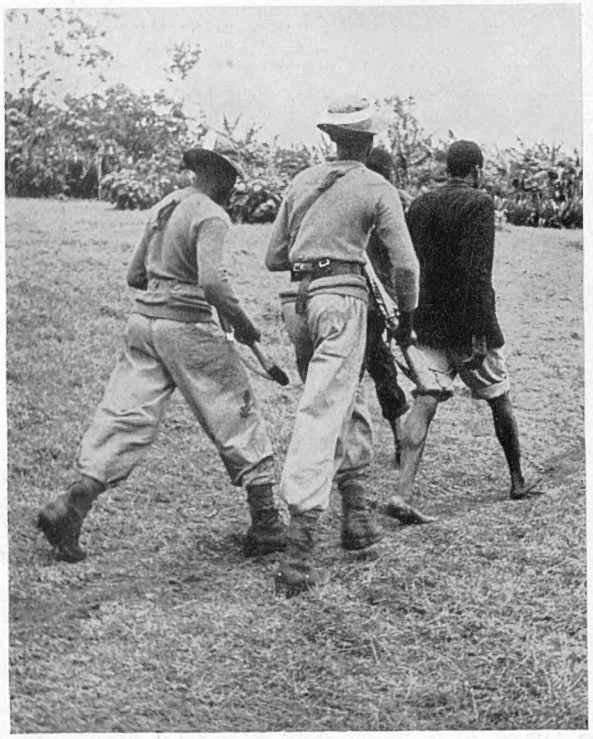
WITH AGE-OLD IMPERIAL JAPANESE RITUAL HE IS PROCLAIMED HEIR APPARENT TO THE THRONE

CROWN PRINCE AKIHITO, WEARING THE IMPERIAL CORONET OF BLACK LACQUER, APPEARS BEFORE THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS IN HIS ROLE AS CROWN PRINCE AND PROTECTOR : *Left*—Akihito making his declaration in the ceremonial hall. Reading from a parchment held at arm's-length, the Crown Prince declared : "Your Majesty has been graciously pleased to place the coronet on my brow with this solemn ceremony. I am verily overwhelmed with joy. It now behoves me to be conscious as ever of my status, cultivate virtues, leaving childlike ways behind, and always carry knowledge into new fields. Thus I aspire to prove myself equal to the burden of my responsibilities." The ceremony lasted only fifteen minutes, and ended with musicians playing the national anthem, *Kimigayo*, on ancient flutes. The Emperor, Empress and Crown Prince then went to worship at shrines in the Palace grounds. *Right*—The Crown Prince seated at the ceremony.

SOME OF THE 4,000 CATTLE WHICH WERE HERDED INTO A COMPOUND IN THE NYERI DISTRICT OF KENYA: Armoured cars patrolling the roads during the course of the round-up, which was instituted as a punitive measure against the Kikuyu in the district, who are strongly on the side of the Mau Mau and have refused to co-operate with the Government in bringing the murderers of Chief Nderi and others to justice. The removal of cattle began at dawn, when troops surrounded the hostile villages, from which all the young men and most of the young women departed after the murder. Old men tried to hide the animals, but a spotter plane guided the ground forces. Further pictures and details of the round-up of both men and cattle will be found on pages 318-319 of this issue.

THE KENYA CATTLE CONFISCATION

A Great Round-up in the Nyeri District in an Effort to Quell Native Hostility



PRISONERS ARE MARCHED OFF BY MEN OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES: They were among those rounded up at one of the Mau Mau schools sponsored by Jomo Kenyatta. Among the prisoners were several teachers who have played a big part in spreading the Mau Mau doctrine.

THESE CATTLE WILL REMAIN IN CUSTODY UNTIL THE KIKUYU AGREE TO CO-OPERATE WITH THE GOVERNMENT IN PUTTING DOWN MAU MAU DOCTRINE: Administrative officers have been explaining to the Kikuyu why this seizure of stock was necessary. Meanwhile, the cattle are being carefully tended.

"ORKERS MARCH IN PROCESSION THROUGH MOSCOW'S RED SQUARE AT THE POPULAR DEMONSTRATION HELD TO MARK THE THIRTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BOLSHEVIST REVOLUTION : Some of the marching columns seen as they passed the towering walls of the Kremlin and the saluting-base, Lenin's tomb, which stands below the walls. Earlier in the day there had been a big military parade, and Marshal Timoshenko, one of the veterans of the Second World War, delivered the traditional address to the troops. Generalissimo Stalin took the salute during the march-past, and with him on the podium were Malenkov, Bulganin and other leaders. Marshal Voroshilov was not present, presumably being absent on other duties. Marshal Timoshenko's brief address, while attacking "warmongers," who, he contended, sought to incite other nations to attack the Soviet Union, did not mention by name the United States, nor did he use the phrase that Marshal Alexander M. Vasilevsky employed in his order of the day—"American and English warmongers." Marshal Timoshenko warned "warmongers" that Russia was stronger than ever and that its armed forces stood ready to deal a "crushing blow" to anyone who dared to attack it.

BOLSHEVISM'S 35TH ANNIVERSARY

The Big Parade on the Red Square, Moscow, at which Marshal Timoshenko Delivered the Keynote Speech

right—

RTRAITS OF LENIN AND LIN CARRIED THROUGH RED JARE : Marching citizens of cow during the big parade the thirty-fifth anniversary the Bolshevist revolution. processions formed up in ious parts of the city, and strictly scheduled times sed through the Red Square.

ow—

ADING BENEATH THE KREM- WALLS : An impressive e during the march-past ch started with military ts and ended with a parade citizens. On the right of picture can be seen one the physical culture units ich passed the saluting-base.

A MOSCOW BUILDING SPOTLIT FOR THE ANNIVERSARY : The word October is surmounted by the illuminated figures 35. At the top of the building shines a red star. On the wings of the building are gigantic portraits of Lenin and Stalin.

AMERICAN TANKS ROLL INTO BERLIN—By Soviet Permission

A HINT OF CONCILIATION I : These eight new American M-47 Patton tanks arrived in Berlin by rail after Soviet border guards had allowed them through the Russian sector of Germany. The tanks, which were sent to replace older models, were originally refused passage because of "technical difficulties." Clearance was granted by the Russian authorities after United States Army transport officers negotiated by telephone with the Soviet Zone railway authorities.

A BRITON, AN AMERICAN AND A RUSSIAN—Confer Side by Side

A HINT OF CONCILIATION II : Mr. Dean Acheson, the United States Secretary of State, Mr. Anthony Eden, British Foreign Secretary, and M. Andrei Vishinsky, the Soviet Foreign Minister, seated next to each other at a meeting of the United Nations Main Political Committee. The meeting was made memorable by Mr. Eden's conciliatory speech. He dealt with the forcible repatriation of prisoners of war after a possible armistice in Korea. Mr. Eden set out the four principles which he thought should prevail in Korean negotiations.

SHETLAND: FARTHEST NORTH IN BRITAIN

Everyday Life in the Island Outposts, Which are Often the Subject of Grave Misconception—A Self-Reliant, Part-Nordic People

By

ANDREW T. CLUNESS, O.B.E.

LERWICK, NOVEMBER, 1952

THE uninitiated visitor to Shetland is first of all surprised by its size. He may come expecting to find the hirsute aborigines, garbed in sealskins, clinging to the barnacles of their sea-swept rocky ledges, while a few wild ponies toss their manes in the breeze on the cliffs above, and he is incredulous when told that the largest island stretches north and south for nearly sixty miles. The reason is that the islands, about a hundred in number and varying in area from 360 square miles to next to nothing, are scarcely ever shown either in their correct position or to scale in any map of the British Isles. Lying, as they do, more than a full degree of latitude north-east of the north end of Scotland, their correct position is generally sacrificed for economy's sake.

Yet this same position, midway between Scotland and Norway, has been the salvation of Britain in the two great wars of this century. Well might the Germans have said, "Better for Germany if Shetland were sunk in the sea!" With the southern route through Dover Straits securely closed, in the First World War nearly all attempts on the part of enemy raiders to break out into the Atlantic were countered by the Tenth Cruiser Squadron based in Shetland, and

A SHETLANDER PREPARES WOOL FOR HER SPINNING-WHEEL: In many a home the housewife supplements the family income to no mean extent with the aid of her spinning-wheel and knitting needles.

A TYPICAL SHETLAND CROFT ON A TYPICAL SHETLAND BAY: The Gulf Stream makes Shetland far warmer than many places farther south. The crofters live in reasonable comfort, and sheep are really the mainstay of their economy. In the foreground an upturned boat has been converted into a hen-house.

A SHETLAND CROFTER AND HIS PONY-CART: For him life is of necessity simple, and he would not have it otherwise. His small croft and his fishing, together with his wife's income from knitting, meet all his domestic needs. For more than 1,000 years Shetlanders have been fishermen and seamen.

in the Second World War by the units of the Air Force and the Submarine Squadron stationed there.

The visitor soon finds other misconceptions vanish. He finds that in the islands live about 19,000 Shetlanders, garbed very much as ordinary British citizens, and speaking to him a language much nearer to standard English than do natives of Yorkshire, Devon, Bristol or London. He may find, on closer acquaintance, that among themselves they do use a queer language. But it is not Gaelic. There is nothing of the *perfervidum ingenium* of the Gael about the Shetlanders. They are, generally speaking, of Nordic race, a quiet intelligent people, self-reliant and independent among themselves, and without exception courteous and hospitable to strangers. Their "private" language holds many survivals of the old Norn tongue.

Of the population, Mainland, the largest island, has almost three-quarters. The only town, Lerwick, with 5,000 inhabitants, has a fine harbour with facilities for shipping. Elsewhere in the islands there are many fine harbours, but facilities are lacking. For example, Yell, the second largest island, 80 square miles in area, does not yet have even a jetty.

For more than 1,000 years the Shetlanders have been fishermen and seamen. The surrounding waters teemed with fish—cod, ling, hake, tusk, halibut. The soil was too meagre and stony to afford sufficient sustenance. So most men began their career as fishermen, and many hundreds thereafter found a wider range on Greenland whalers and in the merchant service. To-day the urge for the sea is still strong, but with the coming of the trawlers many of the fishing grounds are now very bare. A hundred years ago Unst, the third largest and most northerly isle, had seventy-six fishing boats giving employment to

(*Continued on following pages*)

SCALLOWAY, WITH REMAINS OF ITS CASTLE DOMINATING THE INLET: Scalloway is on Mainland, largest of the islands of the Shetland group covering 378 square miles of the total area of Shetland, which is 551 square miles. The sounds and voes are so numerous that no spot in Shetland is more than three miles from the sea.

A FINE OLD TYPE OF SHETLAND CROFT, NOT MANY OF WHICH ARE SEEN NOW: Outside their house of stone and thatch mother and daughter sit and knit. In winter, when there is daylight for only six hours in the twenty-four, they will spend a great deal of time indoors.

CUTTING PEAT FROM THE BOGS OF SHETLAND: A crofter and his son hard at work. They use the same cutting implements as their forefathers used. There is an almost inexhaustible supply of this fuel at their disposal.

SHETLAND: FARTHEST NORTH IN BRITAIN

(*Concluded from previous page*)

600 men; to-day it has one fishing boat with a crew of three. Only around Whalsay and Burra Isle, with their immediate fishing grounds protected from trawlers by reefs and shoals, do the fishermen still earn a livelihood.

So now the seamen have to find an outlet farther afield. They go in great numbers every year to South Georgia and the Antarctic with the whaling fleets; they find employment with salvage companies even as far away as Australia; and they are to be found all over the world in merchant ships, many of them in command. With such a large proportion of its man-power on the sea, Shetland has in the two Great Wars suffered loss beyond all other parts of the British Empire. In the First War one out of every thirty-two of the total population perished, in the Second, one out of every seventy.

Of those who remain at home crofting employs the greater number, about 3,000. With small rents, security of tenure and subsidies for crops and animals, they live in reasonable comfort compared with previous generations. But in most of the islands, through lack of man-power, difficult communications and high freight charges, the crofter now tends to concentrate on that which brings the quickest and largest return in cash for the least effort—namely, sheep. Now when for any reason a croft becomes vacant, it is purchased or rented as an extension to some already existing croft or sheep-run, and thereafter is inhabited by sheep only. This is especially the case in the three northern isles, Yell, Unst and Fetlar.

There is, too, this additional incentive to the rearing of sheep. The Shetland wool is very fine and soft, and nearly all the women are expert knitters. The arts of spinning and knitting the fine lace Shetland shawl, with their delicate and involved patterns, are rapidly dying, but other forms of knitwear, including those with the popular Fair Isle designs, are still fashioned in great numbers and obtain good prices. But the economy of the islands is now dangerously dependent on sheep, wool and woollen goods. With the decrease in land cultivation and increasing use of tractors, etc., the working of the croft no longer requires the man-power of former years. Even the labour of procuring peat, the principal fuel of the islands, has been reduced by the motor lorry. So now every year there is a drift from the country districts to Lerwick, with its new houses, its amenities of electric light, water supply, and better facilities for social intercourse and education. There is, too, a steady stream of emigration, especially at the moment, to New Zealand.

On Mainland, however, especially in the south, some land previously waste moor and heath-clad slopes is being brought under grass for the first time. Throughout most of the islands cattle and Shetland ponies are also reared, although for the latter there is at present little demand.

The manufacture of Shetland tweed is a growing industry, but does not so far give employment to many. Chromate of iron is quarried, and some talc, too, in the island of Unst, but operations are still on a small scale. A company is being formed to utilise some of the very large peat deposits in producing a fuel midway between peat and coal in heat value. The product should find a ready sale, as ordinary household coal (very ordinary) here costs over £7 10s. per ton. Maintenance of the country roads, transport, educational, social and postal services employ about 600 persons.

The Shetlander has learned to be patient. On sea, and to some extent on land, he must wait on the weather. If the season is wet and sunless (as during the past year) the crops are late in ripening, the peats in drying. But he does not mind unduly; even so, he has his recreations. In summer he can fish for the sweet brown trout with which the numerous lochs abound; he can fish round the shores for coalfish, whiting, haddock or mackerel, and he can sail his boat. Every district has its annual regatta, a careful timetable being drawn up by the various clubs so that their fixtures shall not clash. Enthusiasts sail their boats in as many regattas as possible and the climax is reached in Lerwick in September, when the two leading boats from each of a considerable number of clubs compete for the individual and club championship of the islands. The event this year, when twenty-six crack boats competed for two days in a fairly strong wind, was reckoned the most spectacular event of the year next to Up-Helly Aa.

This is the local name for Lerwick's Fire Festival, celebrated annually on the last Tuesday night of January. It marks the end of the Yule celebrations, and about sixty years ago someone suggested that instead of the traditional tar-barrel a model of a Norse war galley escorted by torch-bearers suitably attired would make a fine show, and as good a blaze. The idea has developed to such an extent that now some 600 stalwart torch-bearers in squads of twelve to twenty, disguised in every way from Norse Vikings to Pithecanthropi and vitamins, march and counter-march beside their towering sea-dragon, which is drawn for more than a mile through the principal streets, and finally set ablaze by all the torches thrown into it at a given signal. It is a weird and impressive sight. But it is merely the beginning of

SHETLAND—BRITAIN'S NORTHERNMOST OUTPOST: This sketch-map shows the relationship to Scotland and the Orkneys and also the chief islands of the Shetland group. Mainland is the largest Shetland land mass.

THE "THROBBING HEART" OF THE SHETLAND CAPITAL: This is an everyday scene in Commercial Street, Lerwick. Lerwick assumes a different aspect during the January festival of Up-Helly Aa, when the town is illuminated by the torches of the celebrating citizenry.

ALL ROUND THE ISLAND GROUP THERE ARE BOATS, FOR THE URGE FOR SEAMANSHIP IS STRONG AMONG THE PEOPLE: *Left*—Boats drawn up in the firth at Eshaess. These craft are specially built to ride the waves, and not to cut through them. *Right*—Modern fishing-vessels and the Scottish steamer in the harbour at Lerwick.

a night of jollity and good fellowship. Every hall in town is open and dancing continues far into the night. Visitors throng the town from all districts; every hall is crowded, and each squad has the duty of visiting each in turn, following a given rotation to avoid overcrowding in any one hall. Throughout the whole winter in all districts, concerts, dances and social gatherings are frequent. The Shetlander is fond of music, the violin being the favourite instrument.

Younger people are fond of outdoor sport—football, hockey and athletics. There has been now for six years an annual athletic contest between the youth of Orkney and Shetland. They engage in football, hockey, netball, swimming, running, jumping, etc. Without proper gymnasia and without regular training, they attain a high standard. For example, the boys' long jump this year was 21 ft. 6 ins., and the girls' high jump 4 ft. 6 ins.

The standard of education is very high. Any pupil of ability can now by means of bursaries, grants and accommodation allowances proceed to a university. And the young people take advantage of their opportunities. There are at present about sixty Shetland students at the four Scottish universities and the Training and Technical Colleges. Housing conditions are, on the whole, good. Lerwick has had electric light for twenty years and most districts have recently obtained, or hope to obtain, it soon. Elsewhere wind-driven plants for generating electricity are fairly common, and Calor gas has in recent years become very popular.

The health of the community is good. One out of every seven persons is over seventy years of age, and centenarians are not too uncommon. Three, at any rate, have died in Shetland in the last three years, and one at present is living in Lerwick. There is a fine local hospital in Lerwick, but through lack of piers it is frequently very difficult to bring emergency cases from the islands to hospital in time.

Shetland suffers from poor inter-island communication through lack of piers, from very high freight charges on its exports and imports, from the ruin of its fishing grounds. Year by year the population of the outer islands dwindles. Two generations ago Unst had 3,000 persons, now it has 1,000; Fetlar had 700, now it has 200.

What has Shetland to offer visitors? Nearly all find it attractive. It is a paradise for ornithologists, who can study the birds at very close quarters in such sanctuaries as Noss and Hermaness, or in Fair Isle, which now has a European reputation. The archæologist can at Jarlshof study a settlement which has been in more or less continuous occupation since the Bronze Age, as it has been painstakingly and minutely revealed by experts. He can examine the Pictish Broch of Mousa, the most perfect example of its kind in the world. Or he can search for and possibly find relics of ages even more remote. The fisherman, too, will always find satisfaction. The lover of scenery may not be enchanted, but he will not be disappointed. Though there may not appear anything very enthralling in the sombre grays and browns of the rolling hills, the cliffs here and there are savage in their magnificence, the little lochs and the long quiet voes, restful in their solitude; some little islets are as green as Ireland, some as raw and bare as a lunar landscape; all have their own appeal, whether in the lingering gentle glow of a midsummer night, or when, as now, "through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades vex the dim sea."

MAINLY OF CAPTAINS AND OF KINGS

THE PASSING OF PRESIDENT WEIZMANN AT REHOVOT; PRESIDENT PERON AND THE CAUDILLO IN AUDIENCE; THE KING OF SWEDEN'S 70TH BIRTHDAY; GENERAL RIDGWAY IN GREECE; GENERAL NEGUIB WITH CAIRO'S SWISS COLONY

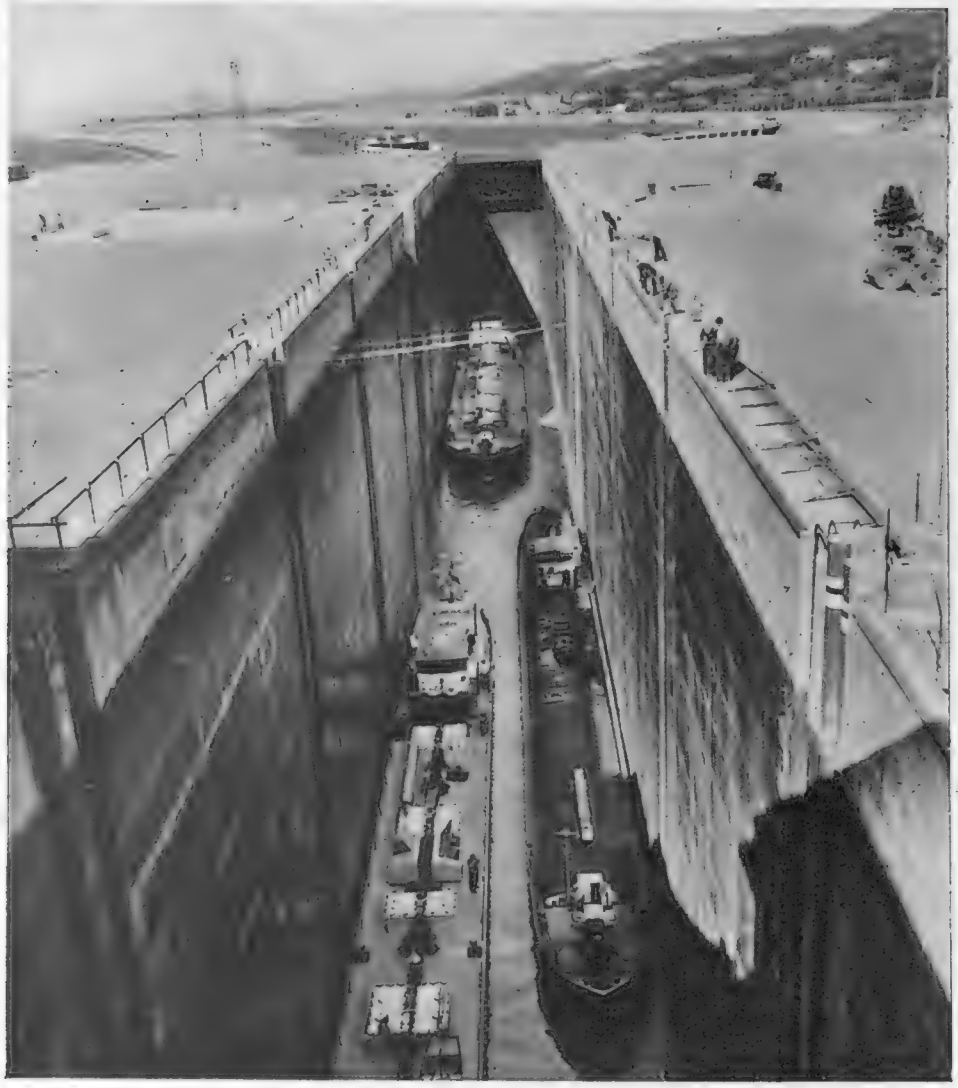
ISRAEL MOURNS THE LOSS OF HER GREAT FIRST PRESIDENT: Mr. Ben Gurion, the Prime Minister of Israel, Mrs. Gurion and Mr. Moshe Perlman, Director of Government Information Services, arriving at Rehovot to pay tribute to Dr. Chaim Weizmann, the first President of Israel, whose death at the age of seventy-seven has been such a bitter blow to the young nation. Dr. Weizmann devoted his whole life to Zionism.

Chaim Weizmann was born on November 27, 1874, at Motyli, near Pinsk, Poland, and within a week or two of his seventy-eighth birthday he died at his home at Rehovot, in the new State of Israel, the honoured leader of the Israeli nation.

Chaim Weizmann had the usual religious education of a Jewish boy, and then proceeded to the Gymnasium at Pinsk. Later he studied chemistry at the Universities of Berlin and Freiburg. In 1903 Weizmann came to England, where he became reader in Biochemistry in the University of Manchester. While still a student he developed a deep interest in Zionism. For many years he served as President of the World Zionist organisation, and in 1932 he was appointed chairman of the Jerusalem Hebrew University. Weizmann indeed devoted his whole life to furthering the cause of Zionism, and there is little doubt that he achieved his most vital tasks when he made contact with Lloyd George and Balfour, thus paving the way for the Jewish National Home which was later to become the State of Israel under his Presidency.

Last week a special session of the Knesset (the Israeli Parliament) was convened in Jerusalem to do honour to the memory of the first President.

THE MAN WHO TOOK DR. WEIZMANN'S PLACE DURING THE DAYS OF HIS LAST ILLNESS AND A POSSIBLE SUCCESSOR: Mr. Joseph Sprinzak, the Speaker of the Knesset.



THE DEEPEST LOCK IN THE WORLD, ON THE DONZERE-MONDRAGON CANAL, BY-PASSING THE TORTUOUS REACHES OF THE RIVER RHONE SOUTH OF LYONS AND BETWEEN MONTELIMAR AND AVIGNON: Barges seen in the 80-ft.-deep lock before being raised to the next level. In the background is part of the 20-mile canal down which President Auriol sailed last week in the launch *Frederic Mistral* before inaugurating the vast new dam and hydro-electric plant of this Donzere-Mondragon scheme. Both M. Auriol and M. Herriot, the President of the French Assembly, who spoke at the inauguration of the Rhone dam, indicated that the new canal and hydro-electric plant were symbols of French energy at a time when other nations were questioning her place in the modern world. The power plant associated with the canal scheme will produce 2,000,000,000 kilowatt hours of electricity per year, and it is the largest plant of its kind in Western Europe. The irrigation potentialities of the scheme are so great that they may increase French domestic food production by as much as 5 per cent. The Donzere-Mondragon Canal, which is costing three times as much as the Suez Canal, is providing five years' work for about 5,000 men. Twelve important French construction companies have been engaged on the task of making the canal which puts an end to continuous and costly dredging operations which have had to be conducted throughout the year on the Donzere-Mondragon reaches.

R.A.F. BOMBER COMMAND'S GOODWILL TOUR OF SOUTH AMERICA: Air Vice-Marshal Boyle (right), in conversation with President Peron, who presented him with a model of the Argentine jet-propelled aircraft, Pulqui II. Air Vice-Marshal Boyle has been leading the goodwill tour of South America accompanied by four English Electric Canberras of R.A.F. Bomber Command. During the stay in Buenos Aires the Canberras gave a display at Ministro Pistarini Airport. The display was attended by the Argentine Minister for Aviation.

THE NEW GERMAN AMBASSADOR TO SPAIN, PRINCE ADALBERT OF BAVARIA, FIRST COUSIN OF THE LATE KING ALFONSO XIII, PRESENTING HIS LETTERS OF CREDENCE TO GENERAL FRANCO: The Caudillo is seen receiving the document and behind him stands his Foreign Minister, Senor Artajo. The new Ambassador drove to the National Palace with an escort of Moorish cavalrymen wearing white turbans and in uniforms of red, orange, or blue. Moorish trumpeters, sounding a fanfare, rode ahead of the State coach. As the Ambassador stepped from the coach in the Palace courtyard, the band of the Guards played "Deutschland uber Alles," the German national anthem, the first time the anthem has been played publicly in Spain since the end of the war. Many Germans in the crowd of several thousand spectators wept openly.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN AND THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK AT A GALA PERFORMANCE OF THE STOCKHOLM OPERA : Queen Louise of Sweden with King Frederick of Denmark, and King Gustav standing beside Queen Ingrid in the Royal box. This was one of the events preceding the seventieth birthday of King Gustav which has been celebrated with great enthusiasm by the Swedish people. On November 11, the King's birthday, bad weather did not prevent tens of thousands of loyal citizens thronging the streets as King Gustav and Queen Louise drove through the city in a procession of Horse Guards, regimental bands, units of the Stockholm garrison and representatives of all the Services. Before the parade the King had been engaged in a full programme. After congratulations from his family he met the King of Norway and the Norwegian Crown Prince, who came by train for the celebrations, and the President of Finland, who arrived by air and was met and accompanied to the castle by Prince Bertil. He then attended a thanksgiving service in Stockholm Cathedral, and at noon received members of his Government and representatives from all over the country, who, through Hr. Erlander, the Prime Minister, presented as a gift from the Swedish people a bank book containing 5,000,000 kronor (£344,800). The gift will be used for cultural purposes.

CROWN PRINCE AKIHITO (RIGHT) WHOSE FORMAL COMING OF AGE AND PROCLAMATION AS HEIR-APPARENT TO THE JAPANESE IMPERIAL THRONE HAS EXCITED GREAT ENTHUSIASM IN TOKYO : The young Prince, who is seen taking part in a riding contest, was invested as Crown Prince in an elaborate ceremonial within the Palace grounds in Tokyo, and then after a day of mediæval pageantry he returned to his private home in suburban Tokyo. At the same time as the Crown Prince's investiture it was made known that he would represent the Emperor Hirohito at the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II in London. The Cabinet also announced that the Crown Prince had been decorated with the Order of the Chrysanthemum, Japan's highest civil decoration. Gifts and congratulations have poured in upon him from every hand.

GENERAL NEGUIB VISITS THE SWISS CLUB IN CAIRO AND TRIES HIS HAND AT SKITTLES : The Egyptian dictator going into action while the Swiss Minister in Egypt (left centre) and members of the Swiss colony look on. During this brief respite from the cares of State General Neguib took the opportunity of meeting Swiss residents.

REG HARRIS RECEIVES A MEDAL FROM THE KING OF THE BELGIANS : The British cycling ace seen with King Baudouin after he had won the Grand Prix du Roi in Brussels on November 8. The race was run as a prelude to the six-day cycle race. A day later Harris was in Paris, and there he broke the world record for the indoor one kilometre, four laps from a standing start.

MADAME TITO ATTENDS THE SIXTH ANNUAL CONGRESS OF THE YUGOSLAV COMMUNIST PARTY AT ZAGREB : The wife of the Yugoslav Chief of State is seen (left) arriving in company with another woman delegate. London may have the opportunity next year of making acquaintance with Madame Tito when Marshal Tito is over here as the guest of the British Government. Madame Tito's maiden name was Budisavljevic. She lost both her parents and several others of her family during the massacres by the Nazi puppet Ustashi organisation. At the age of seventeen she joined the Tito-led partisan action against the Germans and fought with Partisans throughout the war.

On right—

GENERAL MATTHEW RIDGWAY PAYS A VISIT TO GREECE : The General shaking hands with a peasant woman of Thrace, who had just presented him with a bouquet. The Supreme Commander in Europe arrived in Greece after first visiting Turkey. In Thrace, the northernmost Greek province, he took the opportunity of watching Army manœuvres. The Eastern Mediterranean has been very much in the military news, for there the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation brought to a climax its six-nation air, sea and land exercise. Six thousand officers and men, after scrambling down nets from United States transports into landing craft, stormed ashore on the beaches of Lebedos Bay, on the west coast of Turkey. Another phase of this exercise, known as Long Step, was the flying of 130 sorties against an airfield near Athens.

REBUILDING BLITZED FRENCH PORTS

Raises a Storm of Controversy Among the Protagonists of the Ultra Modern and the Discreetly Conservative

By FERDINAND TUOHY

RECENT awakening to the slender rebuilding of Britain's blitzed cities, particularly her ports, compared with construction in other fields, did not pass unperceived in interested circles in France. I chanced to have Toulon, Marseilles, Rouen and Havre on my route, and officials of M.R.U., the Government reconstruction agency, had the apt comment.

"We may be more advanced than you in rebuilding this and that port," they said, "but don't let it deceive you. Great Britain has built far more houses independently of the blitzed centres, than we have, not to mention factories and schools."

Quite true; none the less, it won't alter the fact that French ports (they suffered much more than inland centres) are going to make Southampton, Liverpool, Bristol, Plymouth, Portsmouth and London look a bit silly between now and 1960 unless there 's a radical review of blitz-building in this country.

One or two of the French ports (St. Nazaire, Lorient, Brest, St. Malo, Dieppe, Boulogne and Calais complete the casualties) are going to look pretty silly themselves in the process, but that is a state of affairs into which the French have gone open-eyed. A great architectural argument, the ultra modern versus a discreet conservatism, has gripped all the ports in greater or lesser degree, and before its fruits grow mellow one or two of them are due to look queer objects indeed.

In France, the State undertook all war-damage repair work and reconstruction, but left new building to private firms. A budget concerning the expenses of both is voted periodically to the Ministry of Reconstruction, and this has meant an uneven progression according to what the deputies choose to allot. Clearing away the rubble and paucity of funds prevented any real beginning until early 1949.

Work had varied greatly from place to place. As a rule, reconstruction has gone well ahead of new building. Lack of incentives is given in explanation of the latter's slow progress (with exceptions). The Ministry's more direct concern with reconstruction, coupled with the French passion for preservation, has operated, too, while politics local and national, and personalities, have also influenced the score-board.

M. Claudius Petit, the very pushing Minister, has tried hard to bestow the ultra-modern conception on all the stricken ports; but then, M. Claudius Petit agrees with "Notre Dame des Radiateurs," the U.N.E.S.C.O. project proposed for the Bois de Boulogne and rejected by the bulk of Parisians. "It would be foolish," says this Minister, "to erect a new building in the style of the nineteenth century. If architecture worked on such principles, Paris would be a dead city within fifty years."

(The Paris of to-day is predominantly a city of three architectural periods. Fœtid and winding old Paris was pulled down more than a century ago. But a great deal of the Paris of the Bourbons was allowed to survive. On to that was grafted the Paris of Baron Haussmann, under the Second Empire and later. Then followed massive twentieth-century blocks. Past glories like Notre Dame have endured through all, but so does the popular Eiffel Tower look like enduring!)

I was at pains to find out how much the local citizenry has to say respecting the layout and appearance of its town. The answer seems to be—"Quite a lot, but the good burghers have to keep on their toes." They can select their own architects and propound their own schemes both for rebuilding and new building. The Municipality checks the æsthetic factor (interference with prospects, incongruities, and so on). The State has its hand on expenditure and can contrive "go slow" or "go ahead." The usual practice is to dole out a 25 per cent. advance progressively to the end.

The citizenry acts through groups and syndicates which tackle specific "islands" or "*ilots*," both for reconstruction and new building. That word "*ilot*" is threaded in and out of French blitz building.

An architect's plan for a given "*ilot*" is passed. It includes shops, cafés, offices and apartments—say twenty buildings in all. If a property-owner wishes to add from his own pocket to what the State has granted him, so as to come by more modernised premises, he may do so provided he doesn't tamper with externals without group or "*ilot*" consent. This nearly always bears on *re*building. The reverse of the medal: a proprietor may be called on to make up deterioration costs to the State—as when a building dates a century back and is now being newly fitted and adorned.

The citizenry can exercise a comparable influence on *new* building, proceeding again through the "*ilot*"—which now begins as a piece of razed ground. If the townsfolk don't like what private undertakings erect (maybe these have been influenced by ultra-modern trends at the Ministry), it can cry "halt!" How the Rouennais did as much was narrated to me in pained tones by a friend, M. André Remondet.

This decorated Resistance man in his thirties is the architect of Rouen's one and only vast ultra-modern block to date. It rises alone from the wilderness of much of the Left Bank of the Seine, fronting the Cathedral. It is called the "Groupement des Anciens Docks," has 123 sun-seeking *appartements*—and its creator didn't complete the full plan, much less go on with the good (?) work.

Why? Because the Rouennais decided that something "less crying" and "more discreet," more in harmony with surviving architecture if not subservient to this, must form the theme of the latest Rouen. To which M. Remondet reacted as follows: "We don't understand what the others have done in past centuries. I cannot create Gothic and seventeenth-century architecture. I want to create the architecture of my time."

The architects of the past did no less, and if France doesn't forge ahead with new-style building now, she 'll find herself out in the cold next century and the century after.

This aspect—of France requiring to espouse an uncompromisingly modern style to-day so as to have a suitable architecture to show in A.D. 2050 and 2150, had not occurred to me and I listened closely as my friend went on to explain what lay at the bottom of it: "The Chart of Athens," a doctrine of design laid down by the Master, Le Corbusier, whilst leading his disciples to that classic capital.

Rouen, first port of France in tonnage, is, frankly, a mess at the moment. Three wide areas of the town were destroyed—2,500 buildings with 10,000 *appartements*, and 1,450 commercial and public buildings. By October 1, 1,379 *appartements* was the sum total completed by the State and private firms, and 400 of these won't be habitable until the end of the year. One big reason is that priority was given to the correcting of the main road and railway running through the town, next the Seine; for Rouen is next to be the big city linking Havre with Paris, as the mad and ear-splitting traffic already heralds.

The cream-coloured, seven-storey stone buildings for which the Rouennais have opted look garish to-day, dropped into so much of Rouen that survives grey and gaunt, and quite a lot of lovely old Norman Rouen that also hasn't perished. A score years should mellow the Calvados stone in the shadow of the wounded Cathedral—which, after all, was more or less white itself once.

For the nonce, officials in Rouen told me to forget about it and to get on to Havre.

Southampton's opposite number principally demonstrates two things: there are advantages in a town being so badly damaged that the best thing is to pull it down and dispense with patching-up, which only leads to an unsightly hotch-potch; and there 's nothing like political pull and an architect with a striking central idea.

Havre was three times as badly hit as Rouen, lost 7,500 buildings and 20,000 *appartements*. Of the latter, 5,000 have been put back, though this is not the way to judge Havre. As the show port for Americans, Le Havre is re-arising in "resolutely modern form" and "on stilts," the ubiquitous pillars uniformly 20 ft. apart, of Maître Auguste Perret. This architect also likes his streets and blocks leading under archways into courts, as indeed do all these Frenchmen.

The new Havre is a port of spacious thoroughfares freely flanked by gardens (I say "is," though it will not approach completion until the mid-fifties at earliest). Glisteningly white, it makes no concession to the past. Skyscrapers will not be allowed to offend the uniform design; only two so far, of eleven and fourteen storeys.

POST-WAR HAVRE FROM THE HARBOUR: The street on the right, running straight back, is the old Grande Rue. Horizontally across the middle distance runs the Boulevard Foch, now well on the way to completion in the new pillared support style. Havre reconstruction is expected to be completed in three years.

Minor port though it be, St. Malo merits mention. In March 1950 I stood in a waste land and asked where the former Grande Rue had been. "You 're standing in it," came the answer. To-day the beautiful little walled port of the corsairs, whose bouquet when we were children caused us to intone "The Smells of St. Malo," approaches stage by stage—each August—to a magical resurrection, all close to the traditional local style, all in massive and lasting brown and grey granite.

Just a floor or two higher than the old St. Malo, but the same winding little streets and utter individuality of the shops. So, too, the roofs are slated and pitched at steep, picturesque angles, as they used to be. Oak for the casement windows, as of yore, likewise the windows divided into small panes. But everything modernised inside. Streets flanked by sturdy new housing blocks with shops at street-level, and frequent passageways leading to internal courtyards and on to the next street—there is new St. Malo.

St. Malo is a small walled town surrounded by sea and docks. St. Servan and Paramé can supply the spacious layout. St. Malo's manifest destiny is as picturesque lure to tourists, secondly as minor port, thirdly as shopping centre of the region. I hope there will still be a minimum of wheeled traffic save at one Gateway.

Naval "pull" has no doubt contributed to the rapid rehabilitation of Brest, which was widely razed when Ramke (shaping as the new Ludendorff) held out against two battering U.S. corps for six weeks. Brest is another that has scored by getting a lot of new building and not too much damaged stuff to repair. To-day a big, solid, well-planned modern port is on the way to fulfilment, replete with new streets, *appartement* blocks, hotels and public buildings. "Utility" rather than distinction—yes. But so was the former Brest.

It is fitting to hop down to Marseilles for the closure.

The Old Port might have been rebuilt in garish, ungainly massiveness. The Germans blew up most of one side of it—the naughty side. Well, M. Le Corbusier has had his way with his "Radiant City" in the local parkland of Prado, but nothing breaking away so from the established order has been allowed in the Old Port. Lo, instead, rows and tiers of Provençal *appartement* houses, with arcades and terraces, nothing that will not in time blend with surrounding architecture.

Meanwhile, Monsieur le Ministre gave M. Le Corbusier the cravatte of a commander of the Legion of Honour at the opening of the Master's seventeen-storey block, housing 1,600 tenants in sun-trap, glasshouse conditions. "We are at an age," said M. Claudius Petit, "comparable to that of the cathedrals when they were still white, astounding for their daring and grandeur." Those white cathedrals again—they positively haunt me!

A B.O.A.C. YORK AIRCRAFT PREPARES TO TAKE OFF FROM BLACKBUSHE AIRPORT, SURREY, DURING THE DEMONSTRATION OF THE WARTIME FOG DISPERSAL INSTALLATION : The installation, known as F.I.D.O. (Fog, Intensive Dispersal of), was being tested before being placed on a care-and-maintenance basis.

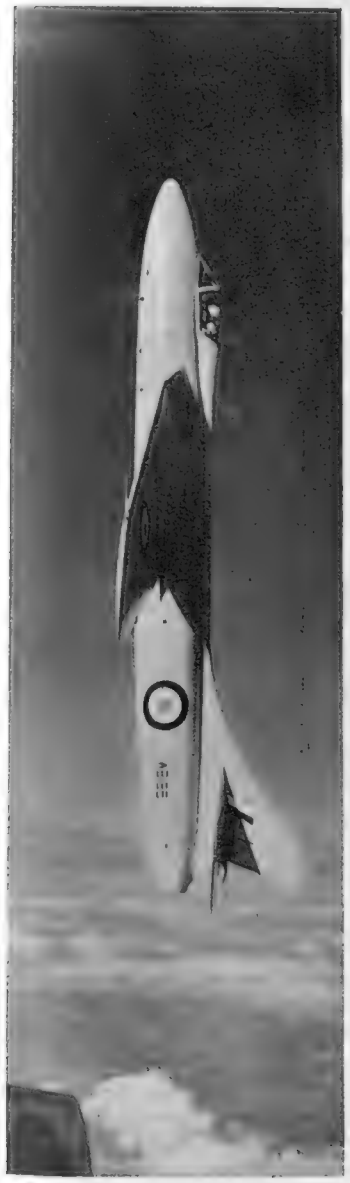
A MEMBER OF THE AIRPORT STAFF IGNITES THE BURNERS IN PREPARATION FOR THE TEST : About 1,000 gallons of petrol are burnt every minute to clear a 1,000-yard runway of fog.

F.I.D.O. AT A SURREY AIRPORT

A Wartime System of Clearing Fog from Runways, Now Greatly Improved and Less Costly, has its First Test at a Civil Airport

The first test at a civil airport of F.I.D.O. took place at Blackbushe Airport, Surrey, recently when between 25,000 and 30,000 gallons of petrol mixed with paraffin were burned to clear the 1,000-yard runway of "fog." Two British European Airways liners, an Elizabethan and a Viking, and a British Overseas Airways York, took part in the test, which was held to assess pilot and passenger reactions to its use. The F.I.D.O. equipment consists of long rows of tubes set in the runway, and in these tubes are thousands of tiny jets through which petrol and paraffin are forced. When all was made ready for last week's test R.A.F. men set light to the petrol at intervals along the installation and it spread quickly. As soon as the pressure was turned full on the colour of the flames changed first to brilliant orange and then to bright yellow. The light was then sufficiently strong enough for four aircraft to roar down the runway and take off in comparative safety. From 1,000 ft. up passengers could discern a great smoke-cloud above the runway; at one time the two long rows of apparatus resembled strips of neon lighting. After landing at the same runway pilots of the aircraft said that they were convinced that in the foggiest weather they would experience no difficulty in landing with the assistance of F.I.D.O.

A SUPERSONIC JET FIGHTER LOOPS THE LOOP



THREE STAGES IN THE HAWKER HUNTER'S AEROBATICS : These three pictures of Britain's faster-than-sound jet fighter, flown by Britain's chief test pilot, Neville Duke, show the aircraft as it climbed before looping the loop, as it turned and as it dived after accomplishing the manœuvre. The pictures were taken from a Meteor 7 flying parallel with the Hunter during the manœuvre, the distance between the wing-tips at the start of each loop being only 20 ft. The Hunter was throttled well back and well below its normal performance, so that the Meteor could keep up with it. Many details of the Hawker Hunter are still secret, even though the aircraft was exhibited at the recent Farnborough Air Display. The Hunter, the fourth Hawker jet, was put into quantity production for the Royal Air Force some months ago. Designed by the famous Hawker team led by Sidney Camm, it has swept-back wings and is powered by an Avon jet engine.

UNVEILINGS *and* STONELAYINGS

The Queen at the Temple; Lord Cunningham on Merseyside; Lord Alanbrooke at the P.L.A.

THE QUEEN LAYS THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW HALL OF THE INNER TEMPLE: In the shelter of a small blue-and-white-striped marquee, Her Majesty, watched by senior Benchers of the Inn and their guests, declared the 18-cwt. stone well and truly laid and, for good measure, tapped each corner of it with a mallet. The new Hall of the Inner Temple is to be built on the site of the old Hall destroyed by bombing in May, 1941. The inscription on the stone reads simply: "Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth laid this stone the thirteenth day of November, 1952." Underneath are the letters J.E.S.-T., the initials of the Treasurer. In a short speech of thanks to the Queen, Lord Justice Singleton said: "It will be an abiding pleasure to all who belong to the Inner Temple, now and in the future, that your Majesty's name is for ever associated with this Inn and with the Hall, which is the centre of the corporate activities of the Inn. There is a further association which the Inner Temple greatly cherishes and which is an abiding memory to us all. His late Majesty, your father, honoured the Society by becoming one of its Benchers, and further honoured us by consenting to serve as treasurer in a memorable year of office.

A DAY OF REMEMBRANCE ON MERSEYSIDE: Admiral of the Fleet Lord Cunningham of Hyndhope, O.M., making his speech after unveiling the memorial on the Pier Head, Liverpool, to 1,390 merchant seamen who lost their lives during the war while serving with the Royal Navy. Many of the names recorded are those of Merseyside men. The memorial, erected by the Imperial War Graves Commission, consists of a column raised on a semi-circular platform, with reflecting lenses on the summit of the column. Mr. Churchill sent a message paying tribute to all merchant seamen.

VISCOUNT ALANBROOKE UNVEILS AND THE BISHOP OF LONDON DEDICATES THE PORT OF LONDON AUTHORITY'S WAR MEMORIAL: Field Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke is seen as he parted the two Union flags covering the stained-glass window in the entrance hall of the P.L.A.'s building in Trinity Square, London, E.C. The window commemorates the members of the P.L.A. staff who gave their lives in the Second World War. The Bishop of London is standing in the foreground next to his chaplain. On a small desk below the window rests a Roll of Honour containing the 125 names of the fallen.

THE SECRETARY OF THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION UNVEILS THE "FOOTBALL STONE" IN THE QUADRANGLE AT CLUBLAND, IN THE CAMBERWELL ROAD: Sir Stanley Rous removes the covering from the new stone which has been placed alongside others unveiled in former days by sportsmen, dramatists, musicians and officials representing clubs, schools and organisations in this and other countries. On the right is the Rev. J. Butterworth (Head of Clubland), while among those on the left are Billy Wright (captain of the England football team) and Eddie Bailey (of Tottenham Hotspur). Among the other stones at Clubland are those in honour of Lady MacRobert (whose generosity is remembered from Battle of Britain days), Thomas E. Dewey, Sir Laurence Olivier and F. R. Brown.

THE GUILDHALL IN THE MARKET-PLACE AT HIGH WYCOMBE: The Guildhall, scheduled as an ancient monument, stands in the market-place at High Wycombe at the junction of Paul's Row and High Street. It was erected in the eighteenth century by the second Earl of Shelburne on the site of an earlier wooden structure built in 1604. The upper storey consists of a large Council Chamber and ante-room. On Saturdays the centre of High Wycombe is invariably thronged, as are most market towns near London, and traffic on the main Oxford Road is slowed considerably in consequence.

HIGH WYCOMBE, THE FURNITURE TOWN

The Old English Market Town in a Valley Amongst the Chilterns, and in the Heart of the Beech Woods, Is the Centre of Britain's Cabinet-making Industry

By IVOR BULMER-THOMAS

WITH DRAWINGS BY JACK MERRIOTT, R.I.

In recent weeks the Buckinghamshire town of High Wycombe has been very much in the news. A by-election, won by the Government candidate, has mildly stirred political passions, and a visit by the Queen, who went there to see the printing of new designs for British and New Zealand postage stamps, has focussed attention on one of the town's most important industries, though not the most important, for High Wycombe is essentially a furniture town. Lying in a valley at the foot of the Chilterns, less than thirty miles from London, here is a town that is ideally situated for furniture production, and in the centuries there has grown up there a tradition of unmatched craftsmanship among the workers in the industry. In the following article Mr. Ivor Bulmer-Thomas takes us behind the scenes in modern High Wycombe. Needless to say, he does not find evidence of that craftsmanship on every hand; for High Wycombe has had a hard fight to maintain standards in a modern world in which the demand for utility products has increased, but he shows us a manufacturing town that is intensely alive. In his final analysis he stresses the need for the marriage of good design and practical production experience, though it may be surmised perhaps even the betrothal stage is as yet some way off.

FEW things among our surroundings affect our lives so closely as our furniture. When we are at home, we are unconsciously influenced by it the whole time. The chairs on which we sit, the table at which we eat, the desk at which we write, the bookcase that houses our favourite literature, the cabinet that contains our chosen pieces, the bed on which so much of our lives is spent—these are part of our very being. For some of us, our furniture is an expression of our personality. We take the utmost care over its choice, whether it be an antique piece with a long history of country homes behind it, or the product of the craftsmanship of our own day. After the choice of wife—or husband—what could be more important in life? For with both, most of us will thereafter live, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, till death us do part.

FASHIONING LOCAL WOOD FOR THE HIGH WYCOMBE INDUSTRY: A craftsman preparing lengths of wood from a split log prior to working them on the pole lathe. He sits on a shave horse during this rough shaping.

For such among us it is we who consciously influence our furniture, deliberately selecting this and rejecting that piece. But for others, the influence is the other way round. They accept their furniture, as provided by their landlady or the stores, as they accept the weather. And just as their lives are daily influenced by the weather, so their outlook on life is in part governed by the furniture around them.

This second class is perhaps much the more important, especially in Great Britain to-day. It is therefore of the utmost importance that the furniture produced by the manufacturers, displayed in the shops and eventually bought for the home should be in good taste. Grace and elegance in tables and chairs have a subtle and pervading influence upon those who use them. Fussy furniture makes fretful people. The bodily comfort of those who buy chairs and beds is closely studied, but the mental influence of artistic design is not less important.

The furniture trade of Great Britain is important enough by whatever standard it is judged. Its value is reckoned at £100,000,000 a year. But its subtle mental and spiritual influence is something beyond the power of reckoning.

The two chief centres of the British furniture trade are North London and High Wycombe. In North London the furniture works are lost among so many large factories of divers kinds. But in High Wycombe furniture-making is, and has been for many years, the chief activity.

The reason why the furniture trade settled in High Wycombe is not hard to seek. The beech woods of Buckinghamshire

(Continued on following pages)

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HIGH WYCOMBE MARKET SEEN THROUGH THE ARCHES OF THE GUILDHALL: The Little Market House, or Shambles, scheduled as an Ancient Monument, is a curious octagonal building designed by the celebrated brothers Adam, those brilliant exponents of the late Renaissance style. It was built in 1761 and is one of the most picturesque features in the centre of the market town.

HIGH WYCOMBE, THE FURNITURE TOWN

(*Continued from previous page*)

are still one of the glories of England. I suppose that if we were asked to name instantaneously the most famous glade in the county the name "Burnham Beeches" would rise to the lips of many of us. The furniture trade began in Buckinghamshire centuries ago, when men started cutting down these beeches and oaks to turn them into tables and chairs. Daniel Defoe, writing at the end of the seventeenth century, mentions the making of chairs in the Chilterns, and for a century and a half High Wycombe has been a centre of the industry. From the middle of the nineteenth century its pre-eminence has been unchallenged. It is to-day perhaps the greatest furniture centre in the world.

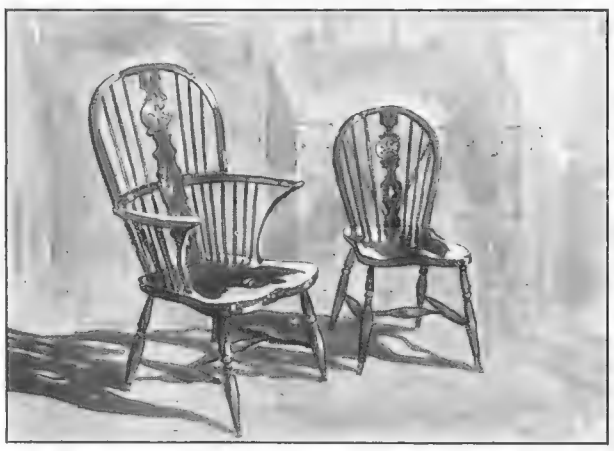
The Buckinghamshire woods still contribute their quota to the High Wycombe industry. At this time of the year it is a common sight to see great trunks felled from these woods being driven along the roads that converge on High Wycombe, and adding to the traffic problems of its congested main street. There are even two brothers—the Dean brothers—who carry on the old practice of buying an area of wood, felling the trees, and turning them into chair-legs, "sticks" or "stretchers" on the spot with a pole lathe. Once there were many such pole-lathe turners in the woods; to-day they are the sole survivors of the craft. They can generally be found somewhere near Speen. The legs, "sticks" or "stretchers" ("sticks" for the back of the chair and "stretchers" joining the legs under the seat) are then sold to the chair-makers in the town.

But the local woods can to-day supply only a small fraction of the needs of High Wycombe. Most of the timber there used has to be imported from abroad. It is bought at the docks and comes to High Wycombe by rail or road. It may be Japanese oak from the other side of the world, or pines from Europe, or the varied woods of our colonial territories. This imported timber normally comes already sawn to a suitable thickness, but the High Wycombe district has mills capable of taming the giants of the Buckinghamshire or any other woods.

The next word is with the furniture makers. All motorists know High Wycombe as the most exasperating town in the country from their point of view. For three or four miles its one main street stretches along the valley of the lesser Wye with a long procession of lorries and cars. But few motorists as they murmur "Why doesn't somebody by-pass this town?" (somebody is again discussing it) are aware of the furniture works. They lie unobtrusively just behind the main street, or in that part of High Wycombe on the southern hillside known as Sand, or in adjoining villages. The furniture industry stretches from West Wycombe to Loudwater, not getting quite as far as Beaconsfield, which is, however, a notable centre for the antique furniture trade.

The reason why the works are unobtrusive is that they are nearly all small. There are about 120 furniture makers in the High Wycombe area, but only about ten of them employ more than 150 workers. There are about 140 firms in the High Wycombe and District Furniture Manufacturers' Federation, but this also covers Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Hampshire and part of Bedfordshire.

(*Concluded on page 314*)



HIGH WYCOMBE'S STAPLE PRODUCT: The wheelback chair is one of the products most closely identified with the High Wycombe industry, although in point of fact fireside and easy chairs are produced in greater quantities.

THE FACTORY OF WILLIAM BIRCH, LTD., IN THE MIDST OF HIGH WYCOMBE'S RESIDENTIAL AREA: This air view typifies a section of the furniture town to-day, for there the factories rub shoulders with the houses as in few other small towns. William Birch are among the largest employers of labour in the furniture town.

WHERE CRAFTSMEN STILL PRODUCE HAND-MADE FURNITURE IN THE BEST TRADITIONS OF HIGH WYCOMBE: This is an interior view of one of the workshops of Nicholls and Janes, Ltd. Jack Merriott, who visited the workshop in order to make this drawing, met there Mr. George Smewin, a craftsman of over fifty years' service with the firm, who showed him a magnificent specimen of his work in the shape of a finely-proportioned dining-room chair with a highly ornamented hand-carved back.

CARVING THE FRAME OF A SIDE-TABLE: A young craftsman at work in the factory of Nicholls and Janes. They have been established in High Wycombe since the year 1868.

PILES OF TIMBER ROUGH-SAWN AND SHAPED TO REQUIREMENTS: Jack Merriott drew this picture in the yard of Smith Bros. and Co. The timber remains here to season for at least six months and then passes to the machine-shops. On the right is the factory's dust-extraction plant, an essential part of the High Wycombe scene.

THE WOODLAND WORKERS STILL PLAY THEIR PART IN HIGH WYCOMBE'S FURNITURE INDUSTRY: This workshop, with its lathe, was erected on a site where trees had been purchased by turners, and within its shelter chair-legs are still produced for the trade. The workshop is in the woods at Hampden, above High Wycombe.

MODERN METHODS IN THE FURNITURE INDUSTRY: A bogie loaded with planks is rolled into one of the seasoning kilns at the High Wycombe plant of Furniture Industries Ltd. With some types of wood, reconditioning to a minimum of moisture content is achieved in a remarkably short space of time.

HIGH WYCOMBE, THE FURNITURE TOWN

(*Concluded from page 312*)

There are about 8,000 workers in the High Wycombe industry, which means that the average is only about seventy in a factory. These small units make for good relations. The businesses are generally owned in one family, and the chief proprietor works among his people and knows them and their family history individually. The workers are almost entirely male, the few women and girls being employed for the most part in upholstery and sewing. Son tends to follow father in the same firm. Work usually begins at 7.30 a.m., there is an hour's break for dinner at noon, and the day ends at six o'clock, earlier on Friday. Saturday is a *dies non*, and the weekly hours worked average forty-five. A fortnight's holiday with pay each summer has now become established. There is no need for works canteens, as the workers all live within easy reach of their homes, which is much better than the best of canteens. They belong to the National Union of Furniture Trade Operatives, a body which has rather more than 15,000 members; throughout the country there are perhaps 20,000 furniture workers, of whom 8,000, as I have said, are in the High Wycombe district. But labour disputes are rare. Furniture-making is a skilled occupation that satisfies a man's creative instincts. Conditions are healthy, and although accidents could easily happen if the saws and other tools were unguarded, precautions are so good that they are rare. Not the least factor in making for a contented industry is the relatively high remuneration. Furniture operatives have always been able to keep themselves in this respect above the level of workers in metal, and the average pay of a worker in the High Wycombe factories is about £12 10s. a week. Payment is by results, and it is not impossible for an adult male worker to earn £15 a week.

Ancillary works have grown up round the furniture works. The making of the fillings for cushions is one such industry, and the manufacture of machine tools is another. The mills for sawing the tree-trunks have already been mentioned.

At the furniture-making works themselves the first process is the preparation of the timber. When the timber comes to the works it normally contains more water than vegetable matter; six to five is quite a normal proportion. The moisture content has to be considerably reduced before the wood is ready for making into furniture—otherwise there is bound to be trouble later. The amount of moisture that may be safely left in depends on the quality of the work. The moisture content may be reduced by seasoning in the open air, the length of time depending on the weather experienced. Seasoning may take years, and it will be appreciated that a high proportion of the capital of the firms is locked up in stocks of timber. A quicker method is to dry the wood in kilns, a skilful operation that needs careful regulation.

The wood is now ready for making into the article desired. High Wycombe is traditionally the centre of the chair industry, and especially of the Windsor chair, of which the essential feature is that the back is formed of upright, rod-like pieces surmounted by a cross-piece. No one whom I have consulted in High Wycombe could be certain about the reason for the name, and we must be content with the broad judgment of the *Oxford English Dictionary* when it says that "Windsor" is an adjective attributed to various things "now or originally obtained, made, cultivated, etc., at or near Windsor, or of persons connected with Windsor Castle." (The term "etc." puzzles me; surely the editors mean "&c.", but who am I to criticise the English of the *Oxford English Dictionary*?) The dictionary cites Windsor bean, Windsor brick, Windsor soap and many other terms as examples, and notes that the chair is often surmounted by arms.

A REMINDER OF THE INFANCY OF THE HIGH WYCOMBE TRADE: This building is the oldest workshop used by Nicholls and Janes, Ltd. In the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries farmhands around High Wycombe utilised their spare time in the winter by making furniture in their homes. Farmer Widginton built this substantial workshop in 1710 for his farmhands to work together on hand-made furniture production, and it has been in use ever since—a constant reminder of the early days of this great Buckinghamshire industry.

Sir Lawrence Weaver, who wrote a book on *High Wycombe Furniture*, published in 1929, recalls, as "a solemn thought," that Sankey and Moody could not have achieved their success in their revivalist meetings if High Wycombe had failed to produce, in a very few weeks, the 19,200 chairs needed for the faithful. To-day the demand for chairs for churches, schools, halls and Government offices keeps thousands continually occupied in High Wycombe. But domestic chairs are also made in large numbers, and large numbers of dining-room suites, with a smaller number of bedroom suites. Almost every article of furniture is made at High Wycombe, but chairs, tables and sideboards are most in evidence.

To-day the furniture produced consists almost entirely

of mass-produced utility goods. To those who have not seen a furniture works, this may suggest that logs go in at one end of a machine and come out in a stream of chairs or tables at the other end. This is far from being the case. The essence of the system is the separate production in large numbers of the component parts and then their fitting together to make the finished article. Thus one machine may be engaged in turning chair-legs, another in making sideboard tops, and so on.

A lot of nonsense has been talked—on both sides—about machine production, mass production, and utility goods. Let me put the position as I see it, though I am conscious of entering a controversial area.

There is room in furniture-making both for hand-made and machine-made articles. For the production of the highest quality articles with an individual distinction, nothing can take the place of the trained hand and eye working to a striking design; and High Wycombe can show examples of such work to-day. But this class of work is necessarily expensive; it would be unjustified for many purposes, such as school and hall chairs, and would be out of the reach of the great mass of the people.

The mass production of furniture by machine satisfies an essential need, and will go on. But there is no reason why such furniture should be drab or ugly. Furniture-making is to-day a skilled operation just as it used to be, though it may call for different skills. To set the jigs for turning table-legs, for example, with all the cutting edges in the right positions and at the right angles, requires no little skill. But it needs more than engineering skill. If the furniture operative to-day is to do his job well, he needs to be able not only to set his jigs, but to be able to make furniture by hand if required; and hand-made work—in this I know I have the support of many manufacturers—is the best preparation for machine-work.

The machine worker has therefore an essential part to play in making artistic furniture for the mass of the people. He is far more than a machine tender. But what he can do is governed by the quality of the design presented to him; and it is in design that the British furniture industry is to-day weakest.

It would be surprising if Chippendale and Sheraton have left no instinct for good design among the furniture makers of to-day, but the conditions under which the industry has lived since 1939 do not give much outlet for it. The industry is still governed, in the main, by maximum prices, and minimum specifications. It is now waiting with some anxiety for the production of a D scheme, in accordance with the Douglas Report. In the eyes of many people in the industry this will be only a means of raising revenue from goods that are now exempt from tax. It will, in their view, merely put new furniture out of the reach of many people who would otherwise buy it, without affecting this basic question of design.

There is a real problem to solve, and I see no easy way to solve it. On the technical side the industry is preparing itself well for the future. There is a four-year apprenticeship scheme with a legal indenture. The boy who leaves school at sixteen and becomes an apprentice—though the attraction of earning more money right away seduces too many from this course—attends classes in the afternoon at the High Wycombe Technical College and is not required to do his military service until his period of apprenticeship is complete. A magnificent new technical college is now almost ready, and on the purely technical side High Wycombe can look to the future with confidence.

On the side of design I have some sympathy with the scorn of some manufacturers for the long-haired gentlemen who have never made anything in their lives and don't intend to. To design good furniture to-day for the masses calls for an understanding of the men and the machines who will make it, and perhaps only those actively engaged in the industry can provide it. The small size of the firms would in any case inhibit them from employing their own first-class designers at high salaries. But would the cost be so expensive? In order to justify the capital cost of the plant and the setting-up of the jigs it is necessary to make at least 2,000 of most articles ordered, and it is surely worth paying well for a good design spread over so many articles.

The solution is probably on the lines of Plato in his *Republic*; either kings must become philosophers, or philosophers must become kings. Either the furniture makers must become good designers themselves, or the designers must become furniture makers. At any rate, a marriage between good design and practical experience ought to be arranged.

A BODGER'S HUT AMONG THE BUCKINGHAMSHIRE BEECHES: The bodger buys his trees at auction as they stand growing and erects his hut with a pole lathe on the spot. The trees are then cut down as required, cut into lengths suitable for chair-legs, the sections being split and each piece roughly shaped by axe, draw-shaven and stacked. In Spean Woods, near High Wycombe, Mr. Dean, the last bodger actually engaged in this work, still carries on with success.

On left—

MR. GOODCHILD'S WORKSHOP IN THE CHILTERN WOODS IN PROCESS OF DEMOLITION: Mr. Goodchild, who died a year ago, was one of the best craftsmen producing Windsor chairs in the woods round High Wycombe. When Jack Merriott went down to Wycombe on behalf of "The Sphere" he found the demolition work proceeding apace, but was just in time to make this drawing. Mr. Goodchild was a survival of the days when the majority of men liked the craft they practised for its own sake and thought incidentally about the monetary reward they secured.

A HIGH-SPEED PRODUCTION LINE AT THE WORKS OF MESSRS. FURNITURE INDUSTRIES LTD.: Sideboards in process of assembly on their own separate line. This firm also specialises in chairs, particularly Windsor chairs, and has a potential output of one chair every ten seconds. The assembly line for Windsor chairs is the only one of its kind in the world. Not even Grand Rapids, Michigan, America's big furniture town, can show the same skill in high-speed production.

YACHTSMEN OF THE WORLD FIND UNITY: BY UFFA FOX

At an Historic Meeting of the International Yacht Racing Union in London the United States and Russia Have Joined Forces With the Other Nations

The utter sterility of international conferences at the highest levels is one of the great tragedies of our time. It is good to hear, then, of one international conference at least that began in amity and ended in increased unity and a spirit of true comradeship. This was the seventeen-nation meeting of the International Yacht Racing Union (now nearing its half-century), at which Russia, the United States, east Germany, Rumania, Venezuela and the Philippines were admitted to membership, and many other important decisions were reached. Uffa Fox, THE SPHERE'S *yachting correspondent, who is a technical adviser to the Union, here reports what he saw and heard at this uniquely agreeable gathering.*

THE International Yacht Racing Union, almost fifty years old, is now happier than at any other period of its life. This is largely due to its chairman, Sir Ralph Gore, and its deputy chairman, Crown Prince Olav of Norway.

Sir Ralph, himself a first-rate helmsman, well versed in every problem afloat or ashore in every size of vessel, from the large "J" Class down to the smallest class, is full of wisdom and kind understanding, and deals with every problem in a gentle but firm way. Prince Olav is also a very able helmsman and has a thorough grip of every rule, whether those afloat, which control the racing itself, or those on shore, which control the construction, design and the sails of a vessel.

The three-day meeting of the I.Y.R.U. this year was once again held in the Royal Thames Yacht Club, London, and there can be no finer setting for a group of yachtsmen than these rooms, where there are the loveliest models, a wonderful collection of sailing pictures, and an extensive library of the sea.

The Permanent Committee of the International Yacht Racing Union met on November 5. A major item was application for affiliation to the Union by the United States of America, the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, east Germany, Rumania, Venezuela and the Philippines, and each and every one in turn was made a member of the Union.

This in itself was a great day for the International Yacht Racing Union, because America, although building to our International Yacht Racing Rules, had never joined the Union, but stayed quietly in the North American Yacht Racing Union. Without doubt, their joining the I.Y.R.U. is by far and away the most important event that has happened in its whole history, and the future is full of promise. The seaboard of America is great, and extends from the frozen North right down into the tropical waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Undoubtedly we shall get fresh thoughts and ideas from this vast continent. Russia, too, will no doubt have ideas on yacht designing and racing, which will add to the gaiety of nations.

The Committee continued its work until late afternoon, then the Small Boat Committee of the I.Y.R.U. met, under the chairmanship of M. Jan Loeff, representing Holland and Belgium.

On November 6 the Permanent Committee met again at the Royal Thames Yacht Club and continued with the agenda. During this, M. Kieffer, of France, asked what were the American ideas on the 6-metre class. Sir Ralph Gore laughingly said: "I cannot ask this question of America," and, turning half-sideways to the right (away from Mr. Morgan, Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, who sat on his left), said to M. Kieffer, "I cannot prevent you asking him this question and cannot say if he will answer, but you may do so as there will be a few minutes' interval."

Commodore Morgan, very quietly and sensibly, answered France direct and the meeting was once more called on and proceeded with its work. Little interludes such as this illustrate the friendly and contented way in which everything was done. This could only be so because every nation there was striving for the same thing—the best possible rules to produce the finest boat for any given job, and the clearest and fairest sailing rules.

That night the Yachting Association gave a dinner in the dining-room of the Royal Thames for all the members of the International Yacht Racing Union, and the tables looked very gay with the miniature flags of all the nations.

Many delegates had a slight touch of rheumatism in the head the following morning—due in all probability to the 90-mile-an-hour gale which swept across Britain that night, doing a great deal of damage to property and ships.

The following morning the International Conference of the International Yacht Racing Union started in the Royal Thames Club.

The Permanent Committee of the I.Y.R.U. meet every year to make and amend all the rules for yacht-building, yacht measurement and yacht-racing and their word is law for the year, but every three years there is an International Conference, and this is the Conference at which the Permanent Committee can be called to order, disagreed with, or grumbled at, by dissatisfied nations, and so this day's conference was the most important of all.

The various nations, the technical advisers, the Press, the chairman, deputy chairman, and secretary all settled down quietly and comfortably. At five bells Sir Ralph set the meeting going. Francis Usborne (our most able secretary and treasurer) read his two reports, amidst a fair amount of subdued, quiet and enjoyable laughter from all hands, for his theme was the old one of slow payment of subscriptions.

Jan Loeff, as chairman of the Small Boat Committee, next spoke. He reported that they had adopted the 20-ft. Flying Dutchman as the two-man racing boat for European lakes and for cruising on the lakes, but, as she was not suitable for sea work, a new two-man boat was to be sought. M. Peytol, of France, then let it be known that France hoped to arrange for the trials at La Baule, possibly during Whitsun, 1953.

Later the chairman of the Technical Sub-Committee, Captain Barraclough, R.N., gave his findings. The Captain dealt with the 5·5 Class, the new International Class which costs so much less than the 6-metre. Germany and Switzerland, he said, had wanted a large, overlapping jib free of measurement to be allowed in the class, and whilst this would make the boats faster, it would also make them more expensive. Stronger winches would be fitted to handle this sail, another man would be wanted in the crew—making four in all—and a far greater range of headsails would be required. It would also tend to make the boats larger and possibly out-class some of the existing boats; therefore, this Technical Committee had decided against making any change in the rule.

Captain Barraclough then dealt with the cruiser-racer classes. When these new classes were formed in 1950, the 8-, 9- and 10-metre classes were named. No 10-metres had been built, and therefore it was decided to increase the 10-metre to 10½ metres, as this gave a 35-ft. waterline boat, one of the most popular sizes under the Royal Ocean Racing Club rules. It was also decided to add a smaller class, a 7-metre class, which would give a 24-ft. waterline, another popular size.

Once again all the nations agreed, for another year at least, with the decisions of the Committee over the cruising, racing classes.

Sir Ralph Gore now rose and referred to the wonderful revival of yacht-racing.

Prince Olav of Norway closed the meeting. He thanked Sir Ralph for allowing the voices of all the nations that wished to speak to be heard and for the kindly way in which he presided at all the meetings, as this turned what could be hard work into a great pleasure. So the International Conference of 1952 came to an agreeable end.

BOATS OF THE 5·5 CLASS RACING AT BURNHAM THIS YEAR: At the recent International Conference in London it was noted that this class had gained impetus during the year. The West German and Swiss representatives offered the opinion that they are under-canvased, but delegates did not support this view.

TWO OF THE TECHNICAL ADVISERS TO THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACING UNION: Mr. Bjarne Aas, of Norway, and Mr. Uffa Fox, of Britain, talking at the I.Y.R.U. dinner.

THE DRAGON "ASCALON": At its meeting the International Yacht Racing Union decided to recommend that the Dragon class should be included in the six classes competing in the Olympic events at Melbourne in 1956. If any class has to be omitted it seems that it will be the 6-metre.

SOME PERSONALITIES AT THE DINNER OF THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACING UNION AT THE ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB: *Left*—Sir Ralph Gore, President of the I.Y.R.U., in conversation with Señor Pedro de Galindez, of Spain. *Centre*—Mr. Henry Morgan, President of the North American Yacht Racing Union, with Mr. Peter M. Scott, Great Britain's representative on the Small Boat Committee, and Mr. F. G. ("Tiny") Mitchell, Commodore of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club. *Right*—Major E. Harston, chairman of the Management Committee of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, with Crown Prince Olav of Norway.

COMMEMORATING PARLIAMENT'S WAR DEAD

The Dedication of a Stained Glass Window in Westminster Hall Commemorating the Members and Servants of Parliament Who Fell in the War

THIS WAS THE SCENE IN ST. STEPHEN'S PORCH AT THE SOUTH END OF WESTMINSTER HALL AS THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY DEDICATED THE WINDOW IN MEMORY OF SIXTY-TWO MEMBERS AND SERVANTS OF BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES DURING THE SECOND WORLD WAR: The ceremony of dedication took place at the invitation of the Prime Minister, and in the presence of representatives of both Houses of Parliament and many relatives of those commemorated in the memorial window. Prince Michael of Kent was among the relatives present in the Hall. The new window, designed by eighty-eight-year-old Sir Ninian Comper, measures 50 ft. by 28 ft. It replaces the window damaged in the war.

MR. CHURCHILL MAKING HIS SPEECH AT THE CEREMONY: The Prime Minister said that it was fitting that the memorial window should overlook the birthplace of the earliest Parliament of our land.

On Wednesday of last week the Leaders and representatives of both Houses of Parliament went to Westminster Hall to join other members of the public in doing homage to the sixty-two members and servants of Parliament who fell during the Second World War. During a service of dedication the Archbishop of Canterbury dedicated the new window in St. Stephen's porch "in the faith of Christ and in memory of those who laid down their lives for their country and for mankind, whose names are here recorded." The memorial window incorporates in its design the unit badges and the coats-of-arms or monograms of 35 peers, 22 members of the House of Commons, and 5 servants of both Houses. At the head of the memorial list is the name of the Duke of Kent, and the ranks of the dead range from Admiral of the Fleet to private soldier and police constable. In the central lights of the middle tier of the window is the Royal coat-of-arms. The Dedication service started with the singing of the 23rd Psalm by the choir of Westminster Abbey as they entered Westminster Hall, preceding the Archbishop, the Dean of Westminster, the Speaker's Chaplain, and the Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster. The Prime Minister then recalled the sacrifice which members of the Parliamentary community had made and concluded his address with the words: "Their names stir our hearts with pride and sorrow; peace to their ashes, honour to their memory, long may the cause of freedom shine."

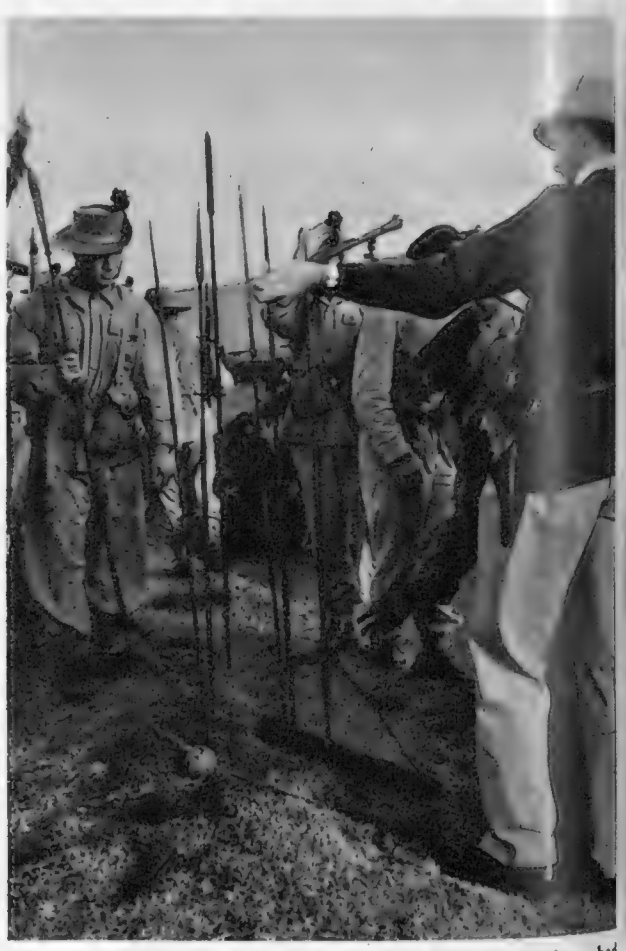
THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND AT THE SERVICE: *Left*—Mr. Churchill is seen addressing the gathering in the Hall and (*on right*) Dr. Fisher dedicating the window. The dignitaries in the picture *on the right* are, front row, left to right—the Duke of Wellington; Mr. Churchill; Lord Simonds, the Lord Chancellor; Mr. W. S. Morrison, Speaker; Mr. Attlee, Leader of the Opposition, and Lord Salisbury, Leader of the House of Lords. Back row, left to right—Mr. Eccles, Minister of Works; Mr. Clement Davies, Leader of the Liberal Party; Lord Milner of Leeds; Sir Ninian Comper; Viscount Samuel, Liberal Leader of the House of Lords, and the Marquess of Cholmondeley, the Lord Great Chamberlain. In the background are Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Churchill, Mrs. Davies and Mrs. Attlee. In the left foreground is the Archbishop's Chaplain holding the Primatial Cross.

THE END OF A ROUND-UP IN THE KIKUYU COUNTRY: Police marching suspects away from their village after a dawn raid. Of recent days there have been marked successes, notably in the Great Rift Valley, in apprehending Africans believed to have had some part in recent murders and other crimes. One objective of the police has been to detect the organisers and administrators of Mau Mau oath ceremonies. Already one Kikuyu found administering oaths and wearing priestlike robes has been sentenced to ten years hard labour. The screening of suspects imprisoned in compounds round Nairobi is now a round-the-clock task for the police.

THE MAU MAU ROUND-UP

The Continuing Struggle in the Kikuyu Areas of Kenya, where the Seizure of Cattle has been Directed Against Political Agitators

The Governor of Kenya has told members of the Colony's police reserve that no one can foresee how long the present emergency will last, for he is now aware of the vast extent to which the Mau Mau organisation has permeated Kenya. The ramifications of Mau Mau in town and country are endless, and it has now been estimated that 90 per cent. of the Kikuyu are members of Mau Mau out of conviction, fear or interest. Subversion has been accelerated, if not caused in many areas, by the faulty system of creating indirect rule through chiefs who are not ancestral—some of them are really British-made chiefs—and this invention of leaders where none existed traditionally has led to a situation in which the new chiefs have been looked on solely as British agents. In this atmosphere the fires of Nationalism have spread rapidly, and the flames have been fanned in and around Nairobi by a certain criminal element which is out to take advantage of the Colony's deep unrest. One of the most disturbing features of the recent round-up of suspects has been the necessity of rounding-up cattle as well; but there seems no doubt that this system of confiscation has had a telling effect on hostile tribesmen, some of whom may feel that it is not worth continuing the struggle in the face of this threat to their livelihood.



BRITISH TROOPS TAKE PART IN A BIG ROUND-UP: *Left*—Captured members of the Kikuyu being made to squat with their hands on their heads after their village had been raided and they had been taken into custody. *Right*—Inspecting poisoned arrows captured during the round-up. Some of the Kikuyu have aided the troops and police in hunting down the Mau Mau organisers, and several of these have paid for their courage with their lives, being made the objett of Mau Mau reprisals.

TROOPS SEARCH A GRAIN STORE DURING A RAID ON A KIKUYU VILLAGE: While the oldest inhabitant, bent double with age, looks on, the native soldiery go about their task. In their hunt for Mau Mau adherents they search every corner of the village and also the countryside in the immediate vicinity. *On right*—AN INTERROGATION IN PROGRESS: A District Officer and an Army officer interviewing a brother of Koinangi, the Senior Chief, who is now under detention in connection with the murder of Chief Waruhiu. Something like 90 per cent. of the Kikuyu must now be accounted members of the Mau Mau.

THE ROUND-UP OF CATTLE AS A MEANS OF BRINGING THE MAU MAU TO THEIR KNEES: Cattle belonging to the Kikuyu people under guard on the outskirts of a village. The round-up of livestock has had a shattering effect on the tribesmen. This punitive action, it must be explained, has only been taken against sections of tribes which have proved unco-operative or actively hostile. When the cattle were being rounded up old men of the tribe, who had escaped arrest, tried to hide the animals, but spotter planes were used and, with wireless to assist them, the ground forces could be directed. The result was that very few cattle indeed were missed.

THE HELICOPTER FROM H.M.S. "OCEAN" JOINS THE "GLORY" EN ROUTE TO KOREA: The two aircraft-carriers had met in the vicinity of Hong Kong during the outward voyage of the *Glory* and the return voyage of the *Ocean*, which had just finished a tour of duty off Korea. The helicopter was flown to the *Glory* to go with the carrier on her Korean operations. Among the *Glory's* tasks in the battle zone will be to supply close air support to the front-line troops, in particular to the British Commonwealth Division; aircraft spotting for naval bombardment units; photographic missions; armed reconnaissance; air cover and support to naval units defending the coastal islands, and to provide aircraft for strikes against bridges, gun positions and other important targets. This is H.M.S. *Glory's* third tour of operations with the U.N. forces in Korea. During the outward voyage Sea Furies and Fireflies from the *Glory* attacked bandit positions in Malaya, forcing many of the terrorists to surrender to ground forces in the area. *Glory* is under the command of Captain T. A. K. Maunsell, of Liss, Hampshire.

A FIREFLY TAKES OFF FROM H.M.S. "GLORY": In addition to the strike against Malayan bandits the aircraft took part in many training exercises during the outward voyage.

EN ROUTE TO KOREA

H.M.S. "GLORY," ONE OF BRITAIN'S LIGHT FLEET CARRIERS, SAILS FOR THE FAR EAST FOR HER THIRD TOUR OF OPERATIONS WITH THE UNITED NATIONS FORCES IN KOREA

AN ATTENDANT DESTROYER COMES ALONGSIDE THE LIGHT AIRCRAFT-CARRIER DURING THE VOYAGE THROUGH TROPICAL SEAS: H.M.S. *Comus*, a "C"-Group destroyer, was about to transfer crews for recreation on the flight-deck of H.M.S. *Glory* and to collect mail and bread that is baked in the carrier's ovens. The men were transferred to the *Glory* by means of the "Admiral's chair" on the "jackstay." On board the *Glory* are the 801 Squadron of Sea Furies and the 821 Squadron of Fireflies.

H.M.S. "GLORY," THE 13,190-TON LIGHT AIRCRAFT-CARRIER, WITH HER SHIP'S COMPANY AND MARINE BAND PARADED ON THE FLIGHT-DECK, ABOUT TO LEAVE THE NAVAL BASE AT SINGAPORE: On the flight-deck are two of the Sea Furies. H.M.S. *Glory*, the name-ship of her class, was built at Harland and Wolff's Belfast yard and completed in 1945. Like all her sister-ships, she is insulated for tropical service. Her armament includes twenty-four 2-lb. pom-poms and nineteen 40-mm. A.-A. Bofors, and her complement in Korean waters is about 1,200. On her last visit to Korea the *Glory* set up a light fleet carrier record of 105 sorties in one day.

NEW SHAPES AT SEA—TWO OF THE ROYAL NAVY'S LATEST ANTI-SUBMARINE FRIGATES: These two vessels, H.M.S. *Venus* (*above*) and H.M.S. *Verulam* (*on right*), together with H.M.S. *Virago*, have been converted from destroyers and given a "new look" which improves their sea-keeping qualities and adapts them for modern needs. Conventional bridge platforms have been removed and equipment is installed to enable the Commanding Officer to control the ship from an enclosed Control Room equipped with a periscope. The three ships were arranged to join other major units of the Home Fleet now exercising in Arctic waters. There they were to give their ships' companies experience of operations in severe weather conditions, and to test their equipment. More destroyers of the Royal Navy are to be converted and new anti-submarine frigates are being constructed to a similar design. These ships will then form the backbone of Britain's modern offensive and powerful anti-submarine fleet.

PARTRIDGES WERE GOOD IN PARTS

A Highly-promising Season Which Deteriorated in Some Areas and Almost Achieved Its Early Promise in Others

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

IN July and August it really did seem that a wonderful partridge season was in prospect. There were plenty of birds about—indeed, in North Hampshire, a famous partridge district, I saw more coveys, and good strong ones at that, than I have seen for many years—but by the end of September (the time when serious shooting started) the coveys were disappointingly few. This was not the case only in North Hampshire. In the Newmarket area, also a district famed for partridges, the story has been much the same. Yet on the Wiltshire Downs it has been a much better season than usual, and in Lincolnshire the record for the number of partridges shot in a single day has been easily broken.

Nobody can say with certainty why this year, when everything started so well, partridges should have failed (and rather suddenly) in one part of the country and flourished exceedingly in another. But lack of definite knowledge has never stopped man from airing his views. There has been plenty of chat about partridges in the places where countrymen meet at the end of the day. In general, the view of the ordinary countryman seems to be that it is all due to the crop sprays that are now widely used to kill weeds in corn. It is, of course, true that weed seeds form the major part of the partridge's food. But crop-spraying is not confined to North Hampshire and the country around Newmarket. Moreover, on some farms where crop-spraying has been practised for some years there have been plenty of birds this season: on others, where the practice has been much the same for much the same period, partridges, after beginning well, have failed. There is no conclusive evidence one way or the other. Expert opinion seems to be that there is no danger of a cumulative effect from the use of toxic insecticides and weed-killers because most of them disappear from the ground treated so very quickly. That obviously is not the whole answer to the question. It is not the spray itself but what it kills that matters to the bird. If you really do wipe out the weeds, then surely you have interfered pretty sharply with the partridge's food supply? So it would appear to the layman.

That word "interfere" always brings up the question of the balance of nature. There has been a good deal of talk about the balance of nature in my local this autumn—not that we know anything about it, of course—and that shows how out of date and unfashionable we are. For it is the fashion in these days to deny that there is any balance in nature, or, if one admits that there may once have been such a balance, to maintain that man has interfered with it so thoroughly and for so long that it has long since ceased to exist. Any remark about the balance of nature in these days is quite likely to bring out the flat statement "there is no balance in nature": a facile and sweeping generalisation of a type that is altogether too popular. First cousin, it seems to me, to another popular (and quite inaccurate) generalisation, "history repeats itself." History, of course, does nothing of the sort.

But nature does repeat herself. She is always repeating herself, not accidentally and irregularly, but regularly and rhythmically. Hers is an endless and exact repetition, which has gone on ever since the world settled into shape. Summer and winter, night and day, high tide and low tide, and so on and so on. It is the regular and rhythmic repetition of extremes. And you have only to think about it for a moment to see that there is a balance, an amazingly accurate balance.

This may seem to be begging the question. When one talks of the balance of nature, it is not high tide and low tide that one has in mind, not the seasons or the hours or anything like that. What one has in mind is numbers, the balance of numbers. And here, one is told, there is no balance: if ever there was, then man has long since upset it, and we need no longer consider it.

Let us consider numbers. Essentially the rhythm of nature is always the same, a rhythm of two extremes: rest and activity. No living thing can stand apart from it. We are all, plants and animals alike, subject to its control. Nature sets certain rhythms and all life responds to them. What is the purpose of this rhythmic repetition of extremes and the response of all living things? What does it mean for animals and plants? For what purpose do they live their lives?

That is a fundamental question. A question, you may think, for the Third Programme rather than for the local or a short article, for there is all the room in the world for philosophic discussion. But, cutting out the philosophy, the fundamental answer to a fundamental question is plain. The response of all living things to the rhythmic repetition of nature is just another repetition—to repeat themselves. The purpose of life is to produce life. That and that alone.

Consider a plant. It flowers and is beautiful. In a few weeks the flowers disappear, and in their stead are seed-pods carried on the old flower-stalks. The plant produces flowers in order that it may have seeds, and the flowers are there in order to attract insects so that the seeds may be fertilised. The purpose of the life of a plant is the production of seeds. That is the reason why the plant lives.

It is the same with animals, *all* animals. The animal that drives the lesson home most surely is the mayfly. Over the water on a still June day you may see mayfly in their thousands dancing together. Now the mayfly has no mouth. It cannot eat. It can live for but a short time, a few hours, probably a day at the most. It spends the whole of its adult life in the mating dance. The spent males die. The females sink to the water, lay their eggs, and die. The whole purpose is just that, the laying of fertilised eggs that the species may continue. That achieved, the adults die, just as the flower having set its seeds withers. So plants and animals live and feed and grow, are active and rest, following the seasons and the hours, for this one purpose, that they may repeat their kind.

I do not, of course, maintain that there is no other purpose in life. I do not deny that animals may get a good deal else out of their lives. Plants are beautiful.

MAN WITH HIS MODERN SPRAYING METHODS UPSETS THE BALANCE OF NATURE: Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald emphasizes this point in his nature article, in which he attempts to explain the disappearance of the partridge from certain strongholds where it was expected to flourish this year.

Eric Hosking.

HUNGRY MOUTHS TO FEED: Young blackbirds, jaws agape, being fed by a parent bird. Cold, cats and catapults all play their part in keeping down the numbers of blackbirds from year to year.

They make the earth pleasant to our eyes, but it would be conceited in the extreme to pretend that that is their main purpose in life. For all I know, a plant may get some satisfaction from growing; they do feed animals; they have a place, and a very important place, in the general scheme of things. But they live their lives in order to repeat themselves. It is the same with animals. No doubt the flea gets some satisfaction from biting its host and drinking the blood; the spider from making its web; the bird from singing; the Red Admiral from the buddleia. And all have their place in the general pattern of life. But do not let us confuse secondary uses with primary purpose. In all the primary purpose is to reproduce their kind.

And how they do it! An oyster may lay 50,000,000 eggs in a short time in the summer. Buckland examined a turbot with more than 14,000,000 eggs. Thomas Henry Huxley estimated that if all the descendants of a single greenfly survived and bred normally, they would in a single summer weigh down the whole human population of China. But these figures pale to insignificance when compared with the microscopic organisms. Then the figures become astronomical. Krogh has given figures for the cholera bacillus. The cholera bacillus usually reproduces itself simply by dividing into two. It may do so every twenty minutes. Put like that it does not sound very startling. But what it means is that, if the rate were kept up, there would at the end of the day be 5,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 cholera bacilli. And the weight of that number of tiny animals would, according to Krogh, be 7,366 tons. All that in a single day.

The rate of reproduction in mammals is much slower, but it is still frightening. The elephant is said to be the slowest breeder on earth. In *The Origin of Species* there occurs this passage: "It will be under the mark to assume that it breeds when thirty years old and goes on breeding till ninety years old, bringing forth three pair of young in this interval; if this be so, at the end of the fifth century there would be alive fifteen million elephants descended from the first pair." Actually Darwin was a little wrong in his figures. Elephants do not go on breeding until they are ninety years old. Elephant men say that very few live much more than three score years and ten. On the other hand it seems that they do not wait until they are thirty years old before they start breeding, but begin when they are about twelve, even occasionally a little earlier. Darwin under-estimated. And, if we think of rats or rabbits or mice, none of them slow breeders, then indeed we know what mammalian fertility means.

Now that is true of all living creatures. They all have the same characteristic—excessive fertility. But as a general rule their numbers do not increase excessively. The figures I have given above (culled from various works) are correct in theory, but quite incorrect in fact. They depend upon the assumption that all the progeny survives. It does not. There is an enormous wastage, popularly summed up in the saying "nature red in tooth and claw." The excessive fertility is essential if the numbers are to be kept up, and that is why, if the numbers of any species fall below a certain figure, then that species will ultimately become extinct, for the wastage does not decrease correspondingly.

The most casual observation of garden birds will provide evidence of this wastage. Take a very common and very easily-observed bird—the blackbird. On an average, each pair of blackbirds has eight young (in two clutches of four) a year. There will be a little wastage in the nest or in the fledgeling stage—on an average about two of the young are lost each year very early on—but even so, for one pair of blackbirds in the garden in spring there will be eight in autumn. They will be busy with the fallen apples and are easy enough to see and count. But next spring only one pair will nest in the garden. And have you noticed a tremendous increase in the number of blackbirds? Over a period the numbers remain remarkably steady, which can only mean that the numbers each spring are about the same and that the surplus has been liquidated—by cold, cats, catapults, and the like. And what is that but balance?

We are too inclined, I think, to divide the living world into the hunters and the hunted, and to believe that the numbers of the hunted are kept down by the hunters. There are many checks on numbers, and the least important is the hunter. Disease and food supply are much more important, and most important of all is the food supply, which brings us back, more or less, to the partridge.

Of course, man does interfere with the balance of nature. Every garden is an interference and, as every gardener will know, means a ceaseless battle with nature if the garden is to be maintained. I do not think that there can be any doubt that we have interfered with the partridge. But we do not know just how. Obviously we have interfered with the food supply, but that is not, in this case, the whole answer. There are other factors which are not yet clearly understood, perhaps not even recognised.

It should also be clearly understood that though man does interfere continually with nature he does so only within narrow limits. He certainly has not destroyed the balance of nature, as some would have us believe. Man is excessively fertile. But he is also exceptionally subject to epidemic disease, exceptionally dependant on a steady food supply, exceptionally prone to war. These things keep his numbers within limits. Living things become extinct because in some way or another they have failed to evolve, to keep up to date with nature. Man's brain has taken him a little outside nature, but his body remains very definitely within the realm of nature's dominance. But though man's brain has evolved, there is remarkably little evidence that he has progressed either in wisdom or morality. What has happened is that he has rapidly increased in knowledge. Wisdom and morality have stood still while knowledge has increased. It is a dangerous combination, and we have recently had some sharp pointers to the fact that it is. Indeed, it would seem that man is much more likely to be destroyed by his brain than by any of the normal methods of nature. Nature at least is balanced.

OPERA and COMEDY

"NORMA" AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE; "AN ITALIAN STRAW HAT" AT THE OLD VIC

Norma was last produced at Covent Garden in 1930, when Rosa Ponselle sang the name-part. The rôle is so demanding that the opera can only be produced when a suitable singer can be found. The famous *Casta diva* is considered to be one of the most difficult of all soprano songs. Maria Meneghini Callas, an American of Greek parentage, sang Norma in the new production at Covent Garden which was given for five performances ending last Thursday. *Norma* is the story of a High Priestess of the Druids in Rome-occupied Gaul, who becomes the lover of Pollione (sung by Mirto Picchi), the Roman Proconsul. She has two children by him, only to learn that he has transferred his affections to a Virgin of the Temple, when Adalgisa (Ebe Stignani) asks to be released from her vows of chastity. The opera was sung in Italian and was the first production at Covent Garden by Gianfranco Enriquez, who produced *Khovantchina* at the Rome Opera.

The present season of opera and ballet at Covent Garden includes Verdi's *A Masked Ball*; *Tosca*; *Rosenkavalier*; *La Bohème*; *The Marriage of Figaro*; *Aïda*; *The Magic Flute* and *Turandot*. On December 12 *Rigoletto* will be brought back into the repertory with Edith Coates, Ilse Hollweg (of the Dusseldorf Opera), Walter Midgley and Marian Nowakowski.

THE REVIVAL OF BELLINI'S "NORMA" AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN: Maria Callas, who sings the name-part, is standing on the left centre in this scene from the second act of the opera. Five performances of Gianfranco Enriquez's production of *Norma* were given, four conducted by Vittorio Gui and one by John Pritchard.

ADALGISA AND NORMA: Ebe Stignani and Maria Callas sing the duet in Act II of *Norma*, after Adalgisa has confessed her love to Norma for the Roman Proconsul, who is the father of the High Priestess's two children.

NORMA, HIGH PRIESTESS OF THE DRUIDS, SINGS AN ARIA IN ACT II OF THE OPERA: On the left stands Giacomo Vaghi as Oroveso, the Arch Druid and father of Norma. The setting is in Roman-occupied Gaul. The scenery and costumes are by Alan Barlow.

On left—

THE FRENCH HOME GUARD IN 1851: Marjorie Field, Paul Rogers and Barbara Grimes in an amusing scene from Thomas Walton's adaptation of Eugene Labiche's *An Italian Straw Hat* at the Old Vic. The farcical comedy, subject of Rene Clair's silent film, *Chapeau de Paille*, tells of a bridegroom's frantic search through Paris to obtain a straw hat, similar to one which had been eaten by a horse! The play is a French classic and has been in the repertoire of the Comédie Française for twenty years. Numerous translations have been made of it—in New York it was called *Horse Eats Hat*. Gilbert made a version with music by George Grossmith, and the popular comedy, *A Pair of Spectacles*, was based on it.

On right—

THE FATHER-IN-LAW OF THE BRIDE AND THE MILLINER: Noel Dyson and Newton Blick in *An Italian Straw Hat*. The music for the Old Vic production is by Mark Lubbock and the hilarious leading part of the bridegroom is played by Laurence Payne.

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

The Queen at High Wycombe; Prince Philip in Nottingham; An Arabian Nights Ball; Fireworks for Starlings; The "Fenny Poppers"; And Other Events in England

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH OPENS AN EXTENSION TO THE RALEIGH CYCLE WORKS IN NOTTINGHAM: A part of the crowd of 7,000 employees is seen as they watch the Duke of Edinburgh open the extension with a silver key fashioned in the shape of a polo stick. This key was later presented to the Duke by Mr. H. Hollingworth (aged seventy-one), who has fifty-two years' service with Raleighs. His Royal Highness, who arrived by air, was shown round the factory and talked to some of the workers, whose total production of bicycles averages between seven or eight bicycles a minute. Replying to a speech of welcome by Sir Harold Bowden, chairman of Raleigh Industries, Prince Philip recalled the days of sixty-five years ago when the firm had only twelve employees who produced between them about three bicycles a week.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT A CYCLE FACTORY: Prince Philip has the finer points of a cycle frame explained to him by Mr. L. C. Clarkson, a director of Raleigh Industries. The purpose of the visit was to open a 10-acre extension to the factory.

THE QUEEN IS PRESENTED WITH A BOUQUET WHEN VISITING THE STAMP-PRINTING WORKS OF MESSRS. HARRISON AND SONS AT HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS, TO SEE THE NEW ISSUE OF STAMPS BEING PRINTED: Presenting a bouquet is Crystal Harrison, the granddaughter of Sir Guy Harrison. Her Majesty was received by Lord Cottesloe, Lord Lieutenant of Buckinghamshire; Lord De La Warr, the Postmaster-General; the Mayor of High Wycombe, Mr. C. F. Ward; the vice-chairman of Harrison's, Mr. H. W. Harrison; and Mr. Brian Coulton, the director in charge of stamp production. Miss Enid Marx, designer of the 1½d. stamp, and Mr. Farrar Bell, who designed the 2½d. stamp, were presented to the Queen. After she had been presented with a volume containing specimens of the two new stamps and had seen the New Zealand stamps which are to bear the images of the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, the Queen saw the stamps being printed by the photogravure process.

On left— **KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN IS ENCOURAGED TO BUY A DOLL BY MISS PAT ATKINSON AT THE ARABIAN NIGHTS BALL HELD AT THE DORCHESTER:** The Arabian Nights Ball, which was organised by the Anglo-Arab Association and Holy Land Refugee Fund, was a colourful affair, where even the programme-sellers wore flowing robes and yashmaks. Among the many people who were present were the Earl of Dalkeith and his fiancée, Miss Jane McNeill.

THE SCENE AT EUSTON STATION, WHERE EXTENSIONS ARE BEING MADE TO SOME OF THE PLATFORMS: The men seen in this picture are working on the extension to platforms 1 and 2. The new signal box which was recently installed at Euston has made it possible for three of the older types to be demolished, and consequently a number of platforms are to be lengthened to take longer trains. This will make possible alterations to the track to improve the links between different tracks and platforms. These improvements will eliminate much of the present delay to incoming trains, and the complicated track layout outside the station will be simplified to ensure a much smoother operation

FIREWORKS FOR BIRMINGHAM'S STARLINGS : A Corporation workman fixes a firework to a tree in a vain effort to scare the birds away from the area of Birmingham Cathedral, where they are becoming a nuisance. These ropes of firework "bangers" were exploded at fifteen-minute intervals among the trees in the churchyard, but little impression was made on the thousands of starlings that have resisted many other hints that their presence is unwelcome. Previous attempts to rid this area of birds included the use of stuffed owls and snakes and high-pitched sound-waves.

BIRMINGHAM'S STARLINGS FLOCK TO THE TREES IN ST. PHILIP'S CHURCHYARD : The vast number of these birds is becoming a headache to Birmingham Corporation as they interrupt symphony concerts held near by.

FIRING TH... "FENNY POPPERS" AT FENNY STRATFORD, IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE : The Vicar of St. Martin's Chur... the Rev. G. A. Wheeler, touches off the first round of the "Fenny Poppers" on St. Martin's Day. Whe... Dr. Browne Willis, the founder of the church, died in 1760, the patronal festival was enlivened by the f... g of the "Fenny Poppers," and the custom shows no sign of dying out. The six old iron carronades are fi... every St. Martin's Day, first at noon, then at 2 p.m. and 4 p.m. Browne Willis gave a substantial sum ... the church's building fund and raised more money by selling space on the church ceiling for the displa... of coats of arms. The ceiling is still panelled from end to end with heraldic designs. He also decr... that a special sermon should be preached on St. Martin's Day for a fee of one guinea.

THE WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS' NEW TOWN TERMINAL AT WATERLOO : It is hoped that this new terminal will come into operation in spring of next year, when it will handle some 14,000 passengers a day—twice as many as the Kensington terminal's record which was set up on August 9 this year. The new terminal will have its own underground booking facilities and escalators linking it with the Northern, Bakerloo and City lines. In two or three years, B.E.A. hope to have installed a helicopter service between London Airport and the terminal. It will be remembered that some experiments were conducted with helicopters earlier this year, but there is still some controversy over the noise created by these aircraft when they land on the South Bank.

NEW HOMES FOR THE VICTIMS OF THE NORTH DEVON FLOOD DISASTER WHICH OCCURRED IN MID-AUGUST : These two pictures show (*above*) the state of the eight Cornish unit bungalows being built at Lynton at the beginning of October, and (*on right*) a few weeks later, when much progress had been made. In addition to the bungalows, a site for twenty three-bedroom houses has been approved and building work was expected to be under way before the end of this week. Last week Mr. C. H. Dobbie, a consulting engineer, said in a report that there was no compelling danger to the main sea-defence works at Lynmouth and that the sea wall was in good order. At the same time, he reported that the western extremity of the sea wall needed attention and that the foreshore would have to be protected against erosion. Mr. Dobbie recommended that a quarryman, experienced in the local stone, should examine the cliff behind the car park, "where considerable falls appear to be imminent." At the time of writing, £59,697 has been awarded from the £1,233,550 fund set up after the disaster

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

WINTER SUNSHINE

In the Timeless Lands of Southern Europe and on the Northern Shores of Africa

By GORDON COOPER

"THIS Sicily," wrote John Henry Newman to his sister Harriet, "has filled me with inexpressible delight and I am drawn to it as by a lodestone." Many other visitors, indeed, from classical times to the present day, have harped on the magnetic fascination of the island, called by the ancient Greeks "Trinacria" (the three-cornered) And this fascination—a combination of scenic beauty, historical associations and remains, climate and the inhabitants themselves—is something about which I can vouch, for just before the war, I spent six wonderful months there, exploring almost every village and district of the land.

Yet the great majority of visitors are satisfied to know no more of Sicily than Palermo and Taormina; perhaps because these two places are best equipped with hotels. It is true, too, that there are few more lovely spots on earth. Palermo, for instance, lies like a pearl beside its *Conca d'Oro*, that famous garden shaped like a shell, whose groves are decked with oranges and olives, and whose orchards are fragrant with the scent of nespole and almonds, with fig-trees and palms, and where even the flowers are as multitudinously beautiful as the "framework of sunset clouds." Then there is Taormina, with its wonderful view of Etna, donning day by day her dazzling mantle of new snow, which has truly been described as a "place for people who are weary and bored by a dying and often brutal civilisation, and can create a far more beautiful world of the imagination."

But Sicily has other towns and other charms, and there is no better way of getting an introductory, general impression than by making the "Golden Ribbon" tour by C.I.A.T motor-coach during the months December to April (the "Sicilian Spring"), taking six days and bringing you to the most important places of interest, including Palermo, Segesta, Selinunte, Agrigento, Ragusa, Syracuse, Catania, Taormina, Messina and Cefalu. On this trip all the arrangements for hotel accommodation and meals can, if you so desire, be made by the company. An alternative suggestion would be to journey across the island from Palermo to Catania, whence there are good rail connections with near-by Taormina and Syracuse, by S.I.T.A motor-coach; and on your way you pass through the wild Madonie mountain range, with a night-halt at Petralia Sottana—a lovely spot.

For a fixed centre holiday, Taormina and Palermo (in that order) are hard to beat; but Syracuse (Hotel Villa Politi), Agrigento (Hotel Belvedere), and Enna (Grand Hotel) will most certainly appeal to those who wish to discover for themselves the interests of the island. Incidentally, at Piazza Armerina, not far from Enna, can be seen perhaps the finest Roman mosaic tapestry in existence. It is in faultless condition, and the villa in which it was recently found is full of other exciting archæological treasures.

Sicily is not difficult to reach. By air, B.E.A. offer a weekly service, leaving London in the morning and arriving at Catania in the late afternoon. By train, the through journey (with train-ferry across the Strait of Messina) takes just forty-eight hours, although it is pleasant to leave the train at Naples, if your destination be Palermo, and take the overnight steamer service. There is also a rather unusual but most interesting approach by local steamer between Naples and Messina, calling at the various Lipari Islands on the way. By using a "Travel at Will" rail ticket, valid for 10 or 20 days and permitting unlimited travel and stops on the State railway network, Sicily can be reached at most reasonable cost. This ticket can only be bought outside of Italy, and its purchase does not come out of your travel allowance. Any travel agent can supply particulars.

The publicity brochures dealing with Sicily are among the most enticing in Europe, and they can be obtained from the Italian State Tourist Department (201, Regent Street, London, W.1); while for hotel arrangements, especially if you wish to go off the beaten track, I can commend the Italian Travel Bureau (201, Regent Street, W.1).

North Africa, especially French Morocco, is another fascinating holiday land in winter and early spring, for here you can enjoy constant sunshine and find much to interest you. Here, too, you will discover a curious sense of escapism from our modern civilisation, for that offered by Islam still retains much of its age-old traditional character. And amidst the *souks* (bazaars), mosques, noble palaces and houses and busy market-places, you can easily imagine yourself transported back into the Middle Ages.

THE GREEK THEATRE AT TAORMINA: Taormina is one of the best known of Sicilian resorts, and it has some fine hotels. Fishing by moonlight and climbing Monte Venere to watch the sunrise are among the special attractions of Taormina. Day trips to Etna are possible. February to May are ideal months in Sicily.

Fez, Meknes, Rabat, Safi and Marrakech are all linked with Casablanca by a luxury pullman-coach motor service, and each of these places offers first-class hotel accommodation—at a cost, however, beyond the restricted Briton's purse. In fact, for British readers, I would rather suggest a holiday in Spanish Morocco, with its much lower prices. Xauen, 45 miles from Tetuan, is the most interesting town in which to stay and it possesses a good hotel. It can be reached from Tangier or via Algeceiras and Ceuta. And you can even come to this land of the "Arabian Nights" by air (Iberia Air Lines).

On the Spanish mainland, Andalusia and the Mediterranean coastline, between Tarragona and Cadiz, offer the most reliable winter sunshine. In the former, Seville and Granada are both so well known for their beauty and attraction that I need hardly go further into their appeal. But I would like to mention Cordoba (Hotel Simon), the most Moorish of all Spanish towns and a most delectable place in which to stay—if you are the right sort of person. For here you must know the joys of meandering: along the twisting lanes of the old town, where every corner and every step brings delight and stimulates the imagination with a sense of magic and mystery. And then there is the constant lure of the famous Mosque, one of the wonders of the world, with its forest of 900 columns, brought from Carthage, from Rome, from Byzantium, that uphold this beautiful and holy place, where the perfume of orange-blossoms and the song of the fountains drift always like an endless melody.

In inland Andalusia I like, too, Ronda, a picturesquely situated country town surrounded by a magnificent amphitheatre of mountains. Its great "sight," however, is an amazing gorge (350 ft. deep, 230 ft. across at its narrowest point), which separates the old town from the new town. A single-span bridge links the two. Owing to its altitude, this place is not too warm in winter, although you get lots of sunshine during the day; and there is a comfortable hotel, the Victoria, with a distinctly British atmosphere, for it is much frequented by visitors from Gibraltar. Then, for those with simple tastes, who would wish to savour the unspoilt Andalusia, there is Arcos de la Frontera (simple, clean inn), which lies some 20 miles east of Jerez. Standing on a hill, crowned by a romantic castle, this dazzling white little town offers magnificent views over the surrounding sierras.

Along or near the Mediterranean coast, two comfortable first-class hotels, both standing in their own grounds, are the Atlantico at Cadiz, and the Reina Cristina at Algeceiras. Both cater for British visitors. Other places I favour are Marbella (Hotel Alhamar), Torremolinos (Hotel La Roca) and Alicante (Hotel Victoria). At all these places you can bathe in comfort during January and February.

Between Alicante and Valencia there is a lovely bit of coast, still undiscovered by tourists. Personally, I think it equals the much better-known Costa Brava in its appeal, but it is, of course, more difficult to reach. Three recommended spots are San Juan, Benidorm and Calpe, all offering satisfactory hotel accommodation. There is also a most helpful information office in Alicante.

While the bigger hotels in Spain usually reply to letters regarding room reservations, the smaller ones don't. At this time of year it is, however, not difficult to get fixed up on the spot; but for those who prefer to be sure, then I can recommend the Spanish Tourist Service (4, West Halkin Street, London, S.W.1), for they are in touch with off-the-beaten-track hotels. Then, for general information, you can apply to the Spanish Tourist Office (70, Jermyn Street, S.W.1).

In Portugal, Estoril and Praia da Rocha are the only two satisfactory sun-drenched resorts at which to spend the early months of the year. I must warn you, however, that the former place is not the exciting haunt it used to be in the past, when its winter clientele largely consisted of wealthy British visitors. Still, if you discount somewhat the social side, there is much to attract, not least being the admirable Hotel Atlantico at Monte Estoril, where most of the rooms have their own private verandahs overlooking the sea; and then, at near-by Cascais, is the tiny "Fim do Mundo" restaurant, where I recently enjoyed as good a lunch as any in Europe. This establishment's bouillabaisse is, I swear, as excellent as what you get in Marseille.

But for real winter heat there is nothing in Europe to surpass the Algarve, where, during late January and early February, the countryside is a mass of almond blossom, the mimosa trees lining the roads are in glorious flower, and the magnolias are budding. Summer clothes are all you need wear, and hours can be spent lazily bathing and sunning. Praia da Rocha is the only resort on this coastline, but from it you can make lovely excursions. The Hotel Bella Vista and the Pension Pinguin (run by a Scotsman, Mr Stuart Deas) can both be strongly recommended. In fact, if once you visit this little-known part of Portugal, you will certainly long to return there, again and again.

Finally, for those who seek the sun nearer home, there is always the ever-popular Cannes, on the French Riviera, with its constant round of entertainments and an environment that must gladden all sun-starved Northerners.

RABAT, THE KASBAH DES OUDAIAS: The towns of Morocco are linked by luxury Pullman motor-coaches, and travel in this part of North Africa can be very pleasant indeed during the winter months.

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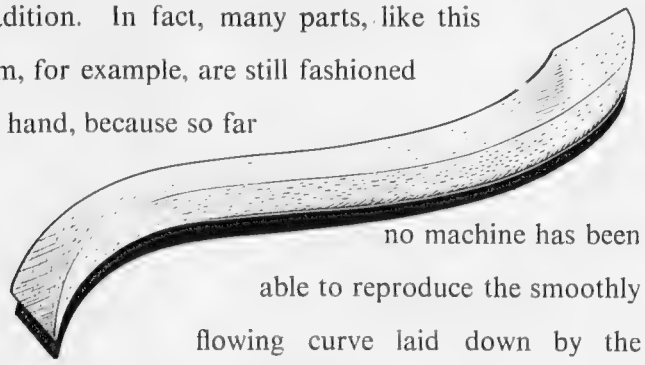

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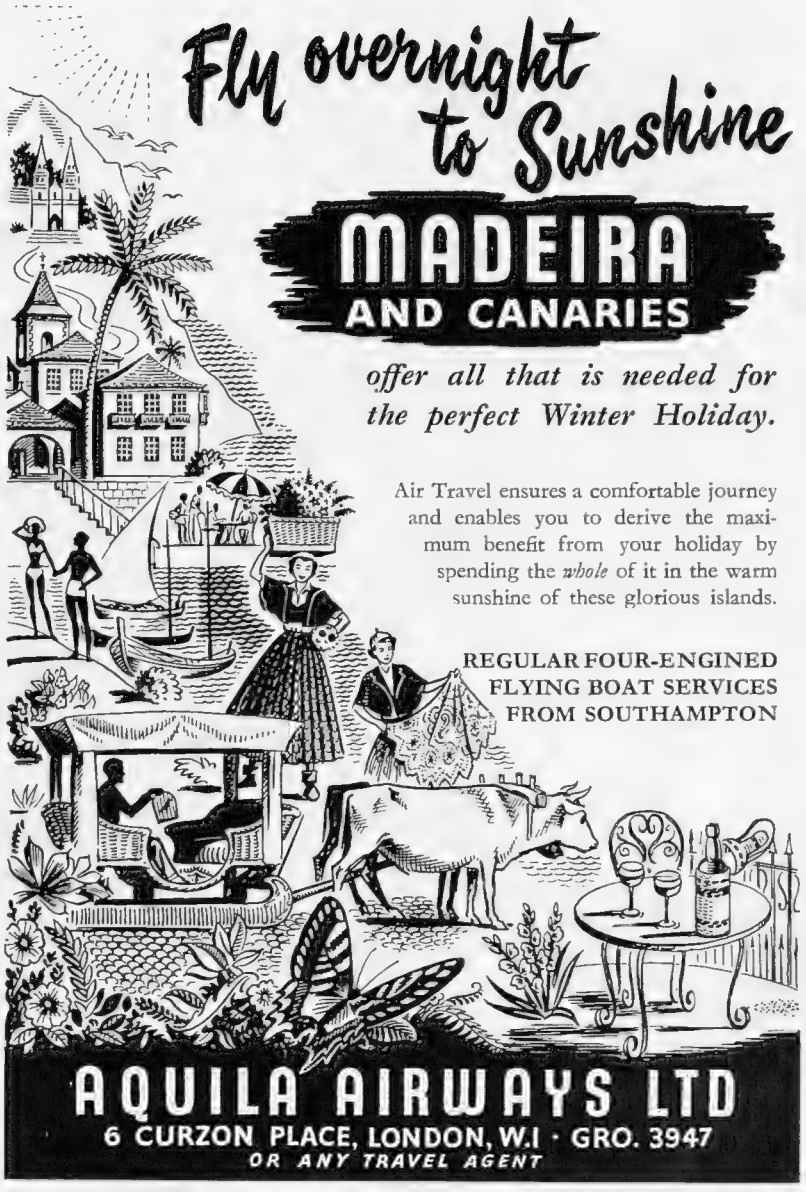

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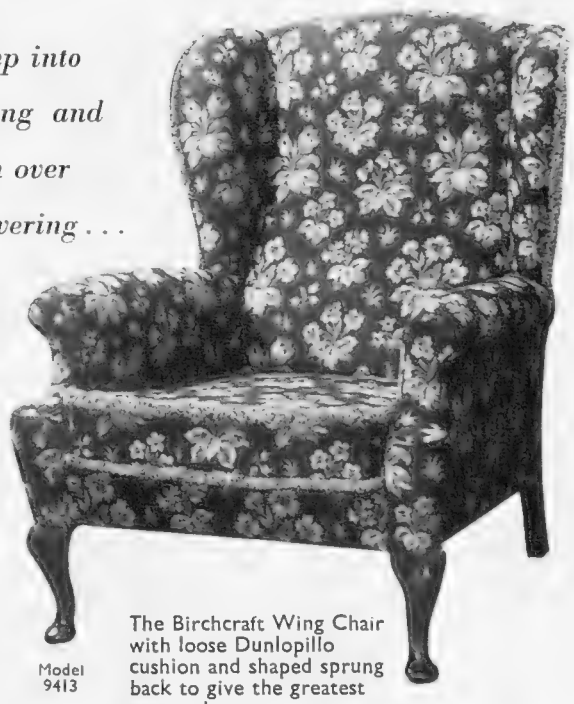

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

SEVEN BIOGRAPHIES AND AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

Smuts, Baldwin, Thomas Johnston, Gwen Raverat and Erskine Caldwell Provide Fascinating Personal Material

"READ no history: nothing but biography," said Disraeli, "for that is life without theory." This week, with seven fine biographies and autobiographies, we have a fairly good chance to obey his precept. First, there is the life of Ishbel Marjoribanks, Marchioness of Aberdeen, written by her daughter Marjorie, Lady Pentland. A BONNIE FECHTER (Batsford. 21s.) makes inspiriting reading, for in her long life, 1857 to 1939, Lady Aberdeen not only lived through a period of immense political change, but was active in many domestic and bloodless revolutions herself, particularly where they affected national health here and in Canada, or the cause of international union.

PERIOD PIECE (Faber. 21s.) is the story of a Cambridge childhood told with infinite charm and humour by Mrs. Gwen Raverat, who writes of the University society—"the town, of course, did not count at all"—as she saw it in the '90's and at the turn of the century. Her grandfather was Charles Darwin, the great naturalist, her cousin is Bernard Darwin, and the atmosphere in which she grew up seems to have been admirably liberal, erudite and amusing. Certainly Mrs. Raverat lived in one of Cambridge's most enchanting houses, from a child's, if not from a housekeeper's, point of view.

OCKWELLS MANOR, BERKSHIRE, THE EAST FRONT: This is a half-tone reproduction from a colour photograph by Sir Geoffrey Cory-Wright adorning The Connoisseur Year Book, 1953 (The Connoisseur; 21s.), which has just made its appearance. The latest edition of this distinguished publication for collectors, students and connoisseurs of the Arts, deals in lavishly-illustrated detail with some of the great English houses and their contents.

Mr. J. C. Smuts has written a biography of the great man who was his father, and in JAN CHRISTIAN SMUTS (Cassell. 25s.) you will find a broad, comprehensive and yet personal account of "the man who raised the name of South Africa in peace and war to the highest rank of respect among the freedom-loving nations of the world." The words are Winston Churchill's: the feelings they express belong to many of us.

STANLEY BALDWIN (Hart-Davis. 21s.) is a biography by Mr. G. M. Young, which was begun during Lord Baldwin's lifetime, with his approval and help, and completed since his death in 1947. As the author says, the rough popular judgment of Baldwin is that he deceived the people in the matter of national defence in order to maintain himself in office and his party in power, a judgment in which Mr. Churchill has concurred. It is still a moot question, and this book gives some of the evidence on which an answer may be grounded.

MEMORIES (Collins. 16s.), a lively book of reminiscences and highlights in his distinguished career by the Rt. Hon. Thomas Johnston, makes occasionally disjointed but invariably good reading, and I recommend it to you whether your interest is primarily in Scotland, in the Labour Party, in Civil Defence, in hydro-electric schemes or in anecdotes of the great and near-great.

Mr. Roy Lewis and Mr. Angus Maude, the authors of *The English Middle Classes*, have now turned their attention and their analytical talents to PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE (Phœnix House. 18s.). In this volume Mr. Lewis and Mr. Maude discuss at length (nine- and ten-line sentences are nothing to them) the questions of professionalism in itself, the impact of nationalisation, experts, specialists and individuals. Sources and references are given meticulously, and, rather ungratefully, I much enjoyed the quotation from Swift on the subject of "struldbrugs." What an excellent name for a variety of technologists it would be!

Mr. Erskine Caldwell tells us that his book CALL IT EXPERIENCE (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.) is not so much an autobiography, since it does not cover all the happenings of his lifetime, but rather an account of some of the experiences which may have contributed to his writing. In other words, primarily a writer's book, and all the better for its sharp focus on that objective. Incidentally, I enjoyed the reference to hungry authors and the way they get fed in Hollywood.

RACING WITHOUT TEARS (Hart-Davis. 7s. 6d.) is a little book that should be pressed into the hand of any even remotely sporting youth by any even remotely well-meaning parents. With illustrations by Marguerite Steen (a surprise in itself), informative text by Caroline Ramsden, and a foreword by Lord Willoughby de Broke, this work is a sound glossary for those whose enthusiasm for horse-racing slightly outstrips their knowledge of the terms. It will also save you from such dreadful gaffes as thinking that a horse has won when it leads past the post for the first time round in a long race, or saying, "Oh, what lovely eyes!" when one has been invited to look at a prospective Derby winner.

And now for novels which continue to be as fantastically varied, as controversial, as sensational, as tepid, as sentimental, as readable and, in fact, as representative as ever. Mr. Truman Capote, the young American writer who, with two or three books, has achieved a reputation as long as your arm, has now written his second novel, THE GRASS HARP (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.). It is written in Mr. Capote's version of the elegiac mood; it is original, whimsical and tender, and it does no harm at all to that reputation of his.

WHY WATERLOO? (Methuen. 15s.) asks A. P. Herbert, and proceeds to give us an answer after his own heart and to the pleasure of his thousands of enlightened admirers. One of the answers is, says Sir Alan, that Napoleon was too harshly treated on Elba and by European opinion (and, subsequently, by English historians). The story here starts with Marie Walewska, more or less skips Josephine, treats kindly of Marie Louise and concentrates on Napoleon rather as a man, a soldier and an administrator than as a cloudy Imperial figure.

POKER AND I (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is the story of a simple English nobleman whose logical thought processes, uninhibited by conventions or moral codes, except in so far as they included kindness, led him to marry five wives, more or less consecutively, and to father more than a dozen children. Mr. John Coates writes with considerable wit and an art which convinces the reader—while he is reading—that there is nothing bizarre about the story at all.

Miss Kathleen Winsor's new book is only reminiscent of *Forever Amber*, because all three of its long-short stories deal with beautiful women in the throes of passionate affairs. The difference lies in the fact that in the present effusions, one woman is in love with the devil, one with a mad fantasy from her dreams, and the other with a man who sees her as a panther and very properly does her in at the end. THE LOVERS (Macdonald. 13s. 6d.) is therefore not everybody's choice of light reading.

VENETIA (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is the story, or part of the story, of a lovely, talented and totally egotistical actress who has a steady, unspectacular and loving husband and two daughters, each of whom is a replica of one of the parents. Venetia leaves her husband for a fashionable and equally loving playwright, who unfortunately dies almost immediately, leaving her family disrupted, her husband forlorn, and the girls brutally jerked out of their childish security. Miss Barbara Goolden not only writes well; she writes as if she really liked people, and that is a fine asset for any novelist.

Mr. T. O. Beachcroft's novel, A THORN IN THE HEART (Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.), is deliberate in style, restrained in mood and first-rate in narrative value: a love-story about credible men and women who are sensitive without being self-centred.

There are two entwined love-stories in Mrs. Rosamond Harcourt-Smith's novel, which is written in a sophisticated style about extremely, almost excessively sophisticated people. It is funny, it is observant and it is very light in effect. Altogether, FEVER OF LOVE (Longmans. 10s. 6d.) can be rated as a definite success for a new writer.

Stella Morton's novels reveal practised ability, plus the talent of story-telling, and the sincerity and restraint of good character drawing. I thoroughly enjoyed SOURCE OF THE RIVER (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) for these reasons, and I think they are good ones.

Six Other New Publications

CHILEAN SCRAPBOOK (Cresset Press. 25s.), *by Stephen Clissold, gives a vivid picture of the country, its landscape and people, its history, politics and industry. There are many illustrations.*

THE WILD WHEEL (Cresset Press. 15s.), *the World of Henry Ford, is described by Garet Garrett.*

In **ULANOVA** (MacGibbon and Kee. 18s.), *V. Bogdarov Berkovsky describes the development of the Soviet Ballet and tells the story of the Russian ballerina who, in Italy in 1951, made her memorable first appearance outside the Soviet Union. The book, illustrated and with a foreword by Cyril Beaumont, has been translated from the Russian by Stephen Garry and Joan Lawson.*

CHALLENGE TO EUROPE (William Kimber. 15s.) *is "Turk" Westerling's own story of his raising a private army with which he came within an ace of mastering the Indonesian archipelago of 75,000,000 people.*

HUBERT DE BURGH: A Study in Constancy (Phœnix House. 25s.), *by Clarence Ellis, is the biography of the last of the great Anglo-Norman justiciars of England.*

Peter Arno's **SIZZLING PLATTER** (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.) *a new volume of the cartoonist's drawings, is described as being "irresistibly funny to the mass of mankind."*

LINCOLN'S GENERALS

How the President Discovered a Winning Combination

With the magnificent exceptions of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and possibly Meade, of Gettysburg fame, no man, with the responsibility of a grievous war resting on his shoulders, was ever served by such a truculent, self-seeking, politically-minded bevy of generals as Abraham Lincoln. For the first three years of the American Civil War they were the despair of the President, what with their eternal internal bickerings, their unwillingness to move forward without massive reinforcements, and their constant over-estimations of the numerical strength of the brilliant but never vast Confederate armies. In LINCOLN AND HIS GENERALS (Hamish Hamilton. 21s.), T. Harry Williams, who is a Professor of History at Louisiana State University, presents a remarkable picture of the great President wrestling with this problem of finding a winning general, meanwhile cajoling, humouring and jollying along those whom it was his misfortune to employ at the most critical moment in the history of the United States. We see Lincoln, who only asked of his generals decision, action, fighting and victory, dealing with the fantastic General George B. McClellan, that problem child of the Civil War, who was in everything magnificent except in his handling of troops in the face of the enemy. It was in the front line that "Fighting Mac," whom the troops idolised and the politicians adored, became timid, utterly failing to appreciate the moment for counter-stroke. After McClellan there came the boastful Pope, round whom Stonewall Jackson literally made rings at the Second Manassas, destroying the winter stores of the whole Army of Virginia; and then there was the all-too-solid Burnside, who met his Waterloo at Fredericksburg; Fighting Joe Hooker, who manœuvred his way towards victory at Chancellorville, only to let Lee and Jackson, combining their genius for the last time, reunite upon the battlefield to overthrow the great army with which Lincoln still hoped to capture Richmond.

There was seemingly no end to Lincoln's troubles, or to the war either, and saddled with such prize political chieftains as Nathaniel P. Banks, John A. McClernand and Ben Butler, good investments only from the viewpoint of political cohesion in a disintegrating state, the future seemed black indeed. Came the dawn, however, and in his closing chapters Professor Williams shows us the weary but much happier President and Commander-in-Chief certain in the knowledge that he had found in Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, three of the great soldiers of all time, men to whom he could relinquish the personal initiative which he himself had so long maintained in his conduct of a cruel but necessary war. Above all, Professor Williams reveals to the full the extent of Lincoln's sense of urgency, his ability to see the real problems amid all the fog of battle, his true brilliance as a master strategist in this the first of the modern wars.

Henry James, the Anglo-American novelist, to-day enjoys a new recognition, and his books are being seized upon as good material for the stage and screen, as witness the success of *The Heiress*, based on the novel, *Washington Square*. James on many occasions sought fame in the theatre, but it has been left to his adaptors to achieve it for him. As a novelist he holds a permanent place in literature, and Michael Swan assesses his unique technique in HENRY JAMES (Arthur Barker. 7s. 6d.), the latest addition to the English Novelists Series. In his final chapter Mr. Swan relates the novels and stories to each other in an attempt to see them as an expression of James's attitude to life, and in doing so he reveals something of the character of this man who so well understood how to portray the interplay of personality upon personality in the unending drama of everyday life.

If both protagonists in a correspondence are primed with wit, raillery and mischief, the liveliest sort of intellectuality, there are bound to be fireworks; and fireworks there are in plenty in BERNARD SHAW AND MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL: THEIR CORRESPONDENCE (Victor Gollancz. 21s.), which Alan Dent has edited with such skill and gusto. The letters cover a startlingly long period, from 1899 to the time of Mrs. Campbell's death in 1940. They have a core of concentrated fervency which may roughly be dated as 1912-23, and in reading the letters of that period every reader will no doubt place his own interpretation upon the true relationship of these two remarkable artists.

Here is a book for the cragsman and mountaineer—B. H. Humble's THE CUILLIN OF SKYE (Robert Hale. 30s.), a magnificent record in words and pictures of adventuring in the high places of the famous island.

G. M. Trevelyan's ILLUSTRATED ENGLISH SOCIAL HISTORY (Longmans Green and Co. 25s.) is now complete with the appearance of this fourth volume. Once again the illustrations have been selected with scholarly care, and the experiment of adding maps, drawings and old prints to the text of this celebrated work has proved abundantly successful.

Gertrude Bone's CAME TO OXFORD (Basil Blackwell. 30s.) is a charming impression of the University city complemented by the drawings of Muirhead Bone.

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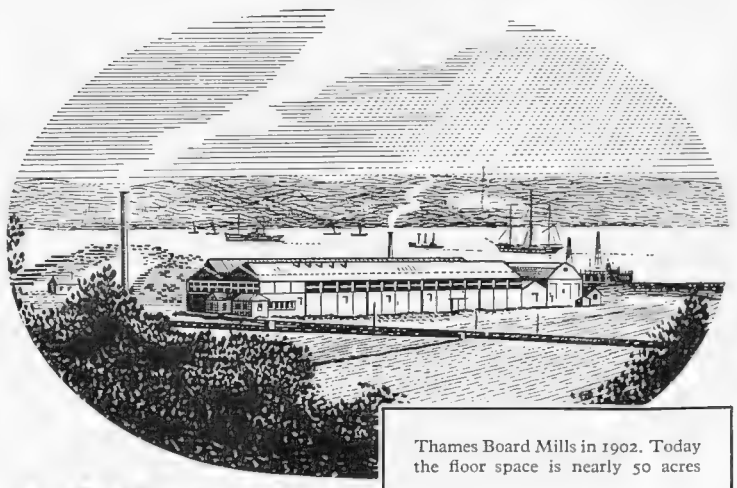

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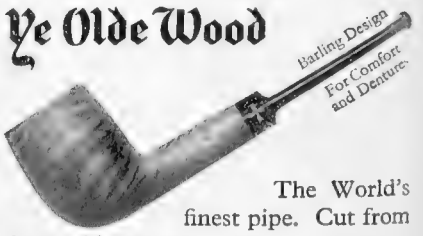

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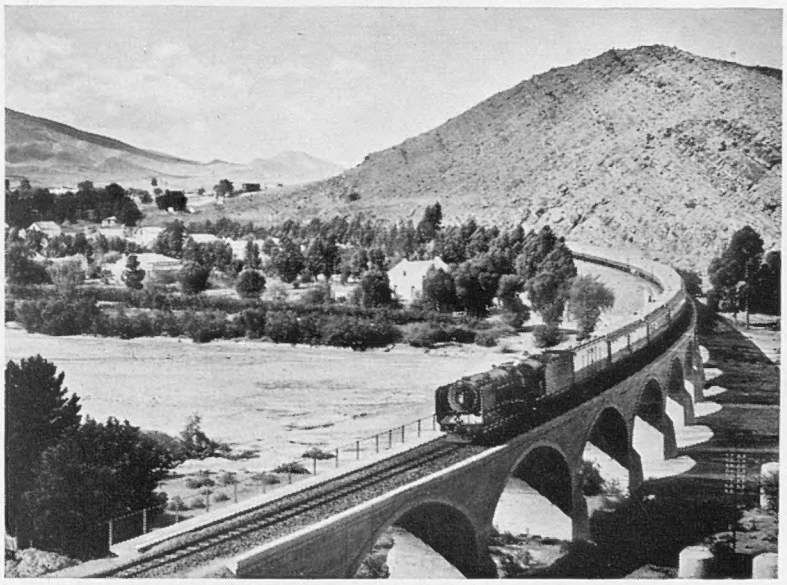

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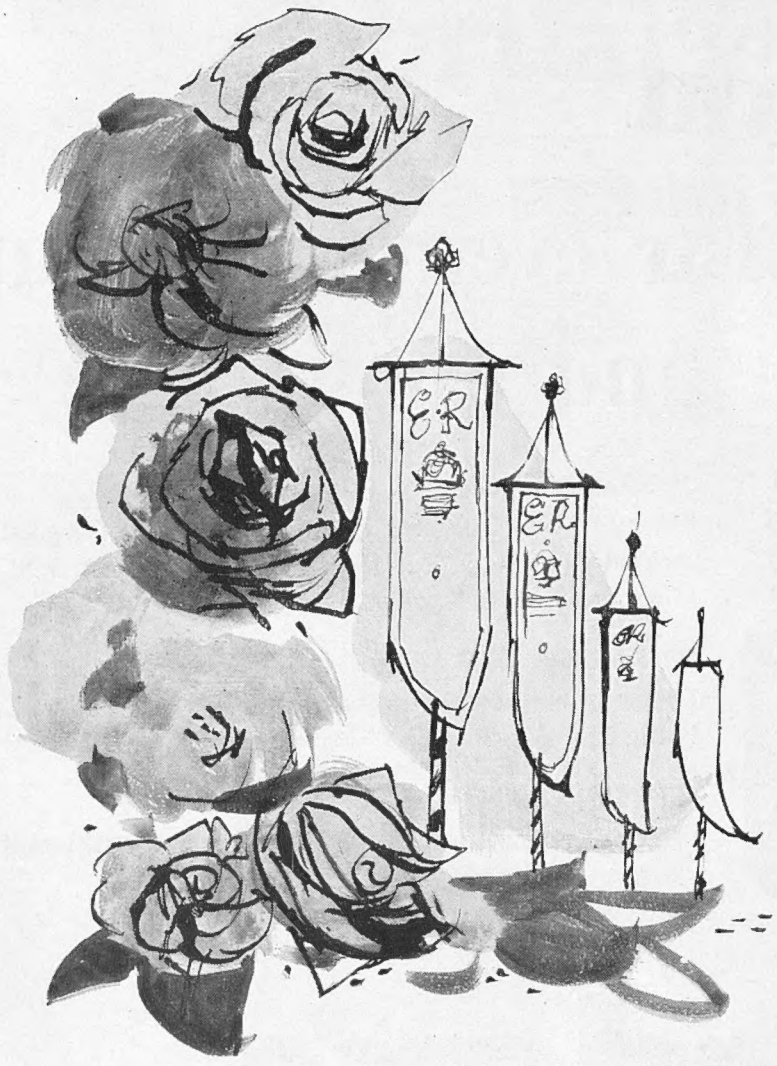

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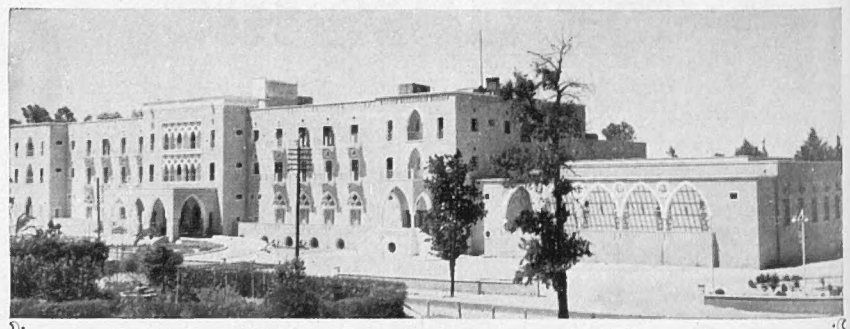

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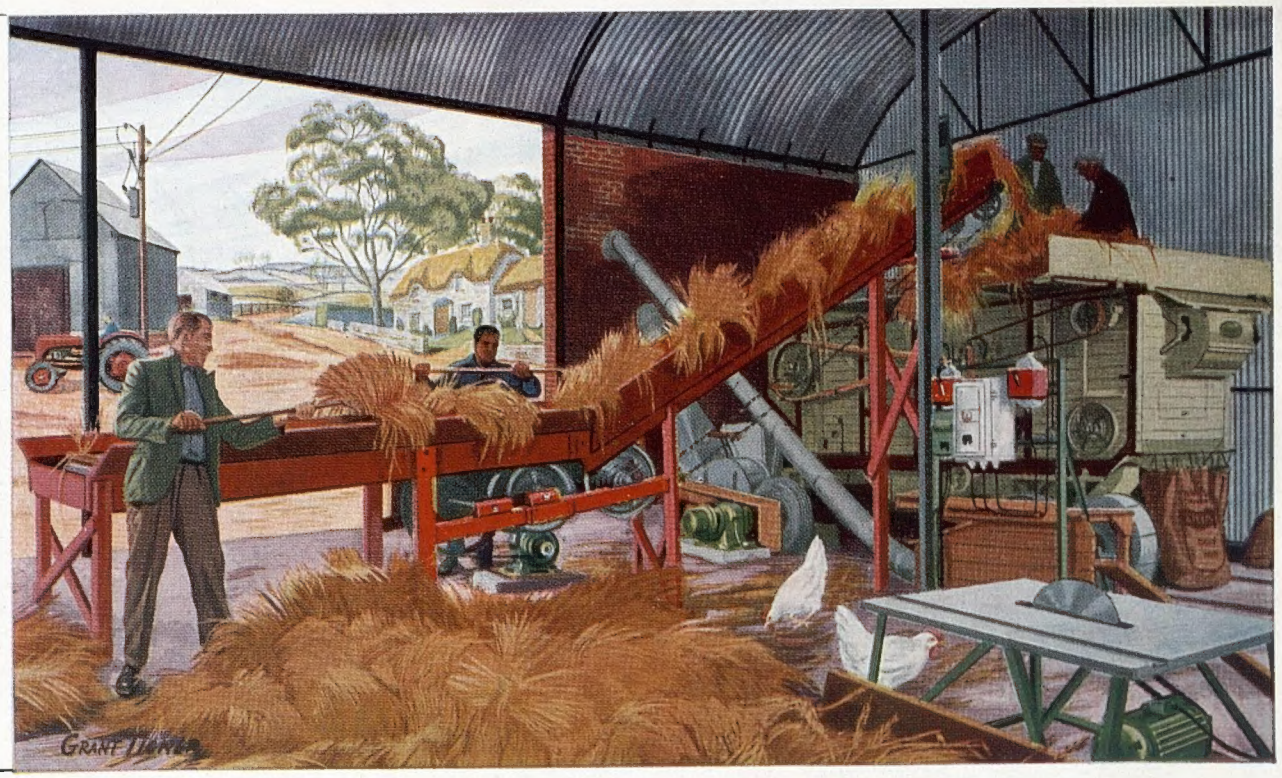

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